

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR AUGUST, 1823.

Art. I. *The Travels of Theodore Ducas in various Countries in Europe at the Revival of Letters and Art.* Edited by Charles Mills. Part the First. Italy. In 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 788. Price 1l. 4s. London. 1822.

WE cannot assign an intelligible motive for the idle fancy of publishing a work of literary research, in the shape of a fictitious book of travels. Had Mr. Mills intended merely to combine the amusement of a novel with the information of a traveller, we should have had some clew to his meaning. A work of that nature, requiring indeed a more intimate acquaintance with the subjects discussed, than could be fairly expected from ordinary travellers, might, in skilful hands, be made a most efficient instrument of instruction. In this respect, Mr. Hope's *Anastatius* is a most extraordinary performance, though it abounds with literary inequalities, and has faults also which no literary excellence can redeem. *Anastatius*, however, is himself the most prominent figure in the canvas; and the reader's attention, having been first of all secured by the interest of the story, the author scatters at will the various reflections of a mind richly endowed, the enlarged comments of 'a learned spirit in human dealings,' but particularly a variety of interesting facts relative to the East; thus insinuating a mass of various and pleasing information, equally the result of extensive reading and of actual observation. We do not say, that Mr. Mills has even attempted an imitation of that masterly model: on the contrary, he seems to have studiously shunned it; for Theodore Ducas has none of the charms of that agreeable fiction. We take it for granted, therefore, that the French *Anacharsis* was the chief prototype of Mr. Mills. He has, however, followed at a humble distance, and with a languid footstep; and the Abbè Barthelemi runs no risk from the competition.

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I

We are not (to speak our real sentiments) much enamoured of these modes of instruction; and we think that tinging the cup of knowledge with honey, is in general a most exceptionable way of imparting it. In the early stages of education, the system of teaching by amusement is a most injurious one, 'L'éducation,' observes Madame de Stael, 'faite en s'amusant, disperse la pensée. Vous enseignerez avec des tableaux, avec des cartes, une quantité de choses, mais vous ne lui apprendrez pas à apprendre.' So it is with our more adult studies. Historical facts will never make a durable impression, but when they are the fruit of our own researches; and that nothing worth obtaining is to be had without labour, is the law and condition of our nature. Be this, however, as it may, Mr. Mills's work is, as we have just hinted, but a faint approximation to Anacharsis. In that work, it is true, the traveller is the mere showman of the spectacle, who shifts each succeeding picture at his pleasure. In like manner, Theodore Ducas is the supposed narrator of what he saw and heard in the course of his travels. But here the analogy ends. Anacharsis is the condensation of a vast mass of reading drawn from authorities too multifarious to be consulted without more time and application than could be afforded by the mere general reader. But Theodore Ducas condenses only that which was sufficiently condensed before. He tells us little but what has been long known and often repeated, and may be at any time found in a shape equally concise and tangible. If the merit, therefore, of such a work rested wholly on its utility, and was to be finally decided by its answer to the standing interrogatory *Cui bono?* there would be an end of the subject, and we might dismiss Mr. Mills's compilation to the vault of the Capulets, with a few only of those frigid and common-place remarks upon its style and execution, which amount neither to praise nor censure.

In an age of book-makers, however, such a trial by such a standard, is not likely to be allowed. The time is gone, that when a literary topic had been so completely exhausted as to leave scanty gleanings only to the researches of new labourers—that when such authors as Tiraboschi, Ginguenè, Sismondi, and Roscoe had collected all that could be known of the revival of letters in Italy, and of the great men who appeared with that golden dawn,—no fresh contributions would have been levied on the reading part of our population, in the shape of a new compilation relative to subjects which their comprehensive diligence had already explored. But the fashions of the world pass away; and the modesty which, in the old times we speak of, would have abstained from the publication of

a new book upon a worn-out subject, has, like the *Astræa* of the poets, departed also. A book-maker of the present day is encumbered with no such reserves. His vocation it is to beat about pales and enclosures. Every thing is game that falls into his net; nothing is exclusive or appropriate, nothing sacred from his grasp. Without attending to this peculiarity in modern literature, it would be puzzling to account for the phenomenon of a new work upon one of the most thread-bare passages of history. The themes of declamation which exercised the Roman youth in the declining days of ancient eloquence, were scarcely more trite and hackneyed, than are the munificence of Leo, and the illustrious names of Bembo, and Poggius, and Politian.

We have remarked already the total failure of analogy between the Anacharsis and the book before us. The Abbé, indeed, might have made more of his fiction. As it is, however, the young Scythian imparts a species of dramatic interest to the composition. He discourses with the sages and philosophers of Greece, and lives among her orators and poets. He is present at the celebration of the games, and witnesses the representation of the tragedy which obtained the prize. He describes the passing impressions of a moment actually present, and they are instantly transferred to his tablets in their original freshness. The Greek whom Mr. Mills sends out upon his travels, is of a cast much more saturnine and heavy. If he deals in lengthened details upon the state of arts and learning in the places where he sojourns, it is in such a sort as convinces you, that he is no real traveller. The fiction has not a moment's triumph. It exists only in the title-page: that threshold crossed, the illusion is over; and instead of being seated by the side of an agreeable traveller, one who,

Wandering from clime to clime, observant strayed,
Their manners noted, and their states surveyed,

we find ourselves with a tedious rehearser of twice-told tales. Theodore Ducas sees every body and every thing 'through the spectacles of books,' and seems to have breathed no atmosphere but the vapours of a library. He lived, as he pretends, in familiar converse with the learned, the gay, the witty. Yet, of this intercourse, where are the fruits? Dull catalogues of authors, criticisms on their writings, somewhat the worse for wear; but neither dialogue, nor flashes of wit, nor sallies of humour has poor Theodore carried away from the *noctes cœnæque deorum*, to which he had so unrestrained access, and from which a lively and acute Greek might be expected to bring something to delight and amuse his readers.

Another circumstance tends still more to dissipate the illusion; a standing anachronism through the whole book, which constantly drives away all credulity as to the existence or peregrinations of this 'learned Theban.' It is this. In every page, we are successively referred to a note, in which the narrative of the text is carried on sometimes a century or two beyond the existence of the supposed traveller; a clumsy contrivance, to say the least. For, although Theodore was not a Highland seer, nor could lift up the veil of 'coming events,' yet, the transition to the note is so sudden, as to render it, in point of effect, a continuation of the text. Now, as it is physically impossible, without an uncommon effort of abstraction, to break the chain of events which are strictly consecutive, it happens by this process, that the supposed narrator becomes a kind of wandering Jew, and lives through a portion of time so protracted, that a century hardly goes for any thing in his existence. Let us take two instances out of many others. The society of Francesco Molza, we are told, was courted by the witty and the great. Our Traveller was of his parties, and tells us a good-deal about this second-rate imitator of Petrarch. A numerical reference then summons us to the note, and though it is no longer *Ducas loquitur*, yet, so instantaneous is the process, and such is the identity of style in the text and the note, that Ducas appears still speaking; notwithstanding that he introduces us to a very discreet and learned lady, the grand-daughter of Molza, who flourished at Alphonzo's court at Ferrara,—a fact which cuts deep into the seventeenth century, and much too late for Ducas, who was born in the first year of the sixteenth. Again, Michael Angelo was, as we are told, and as every one knows, employed for a considerable time as the architect upon the building of St. Peter's; but, so late as the time of Sixtus V., the pile had advanced no further than the frame of the cupola. The clumsy façade by Moderno was finished in 1615, when Ducas must have arrived at an extreme age; but at the completion of it by Innocent III., (all of which is told consecutively if the note is read with the text,) he must have attained the antediluvian age of a hundred and fifty. We do not say, that Ducas relates all this; but the constant migration from the text to the note, renders it scarcely possible to disconnect the narrators. This, however, is one only of the effects produced by this ill-judged contrivance; a contrivance which, while it takes away from the work all the charm of truth, does not impart to it the grace of fiction. As for Theodore, he is any thing but a Greek. The gay, the subtle, the ethereal spirit of Greece, nourished by the pure air and cloudless brilliancy of her skies,—the enthusiasm, more

especially, of a young inhabitant of that clime, an enthusiasm nourished as at a vestal lamp by familiar contact with the great names and hallowed recollections which every scene of that country calls up to remembrance,—all this has wholly evaporated in the crucible of Mr. Mills; and Ducas, a learned native of Crete, (an island once the nurse of legislators and sages, and even in the sixteenth century the asylum of the arts and literature of Greece,) might, for any distinctive features of character and genius to warrant a contrary conclusion, have been born and educated in Cheapside or the Strand. The tone of his criticisms, the whole tenor of his reflections, are of this day and country. The language is that which at present goes by the name of English, coldly correct, phlegmatic, unidiomatic. To have given Ducas the feelings, the emotions, the quickness of a real Greek, would have been destruction to the stately and measured sentences of Mr. Mills. Hence it is, that this fictitious Traveller has scarcely a particle of the native eloquence of his country; and he visits the scenes and the places which his habitual reading must have endeared and consecrated in his affections, without a single phrase of delight or admiration. What would have been the first rush of emotion (we cannot refrain from indulging our own fancy with the picture) upon the ingenuous enthusiasm and the sensitive organs of a Grecian youth, recent from congenial studies, when Rome rose in distant prospect on his view,—when he felt himself on the charmed spot of that metropolis of the world, which, next to his own Athens, would most warm his heart and kindle his imagination;—when he saw the ancient Queen of the earth, like a venerable matron, desolate and alone amidst the ruins of her fallen greatness; when he descried the woody heights of the Alban mountain, once crowned with the temple of Jupiter Latialis, and the Sabine hills, where Cincinnatus ploughed his field, and Horace enjoyed the rural pleasures of his farm,—

‘ ——— domus Albunæ resonantis
Et præceps Anis ac Tiburni lucus et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.’

With what Batavian indifference, on the other hand, does Mr. Mills's Greek move over scenes and countries ennobled by recollections alternately awful and pleasing! Nor is he less impassive to the living charms of nature. He approaches Naples without one of those enraptured expressions which would escape the most frigid observer, as his eye wandered among the beauteous ascents of Pausilypus, or reposed on the verdant island of Nicida; in one word, as his vision revelled among the mingled treasures of earth, and air, and ocean

We well recollect the raptures of Anacharsis amidst the vales of Tempe, and the verdant steeps of Delphi; and we expected some burst of feeling from a young Greek, as he approached the Parthenope of the poets—that city too of Greek extraction,—and while he was travelling over a country which, if contemplated by the mind as well as the eye, recalls at the same instant the greatest vicissitudes of polity and empire, and the still more awful vicissitudes of external nature; the spots where the masters of the world built those magnificent villas, in which they respired from the cares of state and the tumults of ambition; the most magnificent scene fitted up by nature for ‘man’s delightful use,’ the countless smiles of the waters as they sparkle in the bay,

ΠΟΤΙΩΝ ΚΥΜΑΤΟΣ
 Αναρίθμους γίλασμα,

while Vesuvius, rising in the back-ground of the picture, gives a stern but not displeasing grandeur to the landscape. All this he observes with the apathy of the mule he was bestriding, and falls into a fit of prosing about academies, and scholars, and Saracens, and Arabians, and Aristotle, and Hippocrates; and makes no other reflection than that the region through which he journeyed, furnished wines to the Roman table!

Enough, perhaps too much, has been said to shew that, considered as a fiction, Mr. Mills's book is a total failure. The most efficient cause of that failure, however, we consider to be this; that he has never actually visited the countries which his supposed traveller describes, and has breathed only its delicious atmosphere in his library, and conversed with its scholars and artists only through the cold medium of books. A book about China or Japan might, indeed, be got up from similar sources. But Italy is so nearly connected with us by the intercourses of travel, of letters, and of commerce, that a mere chamber-journey through that interesting region is necessarily dull and insipid. There is, moreover, a certain lightness and airiness of expression, characteristic of a rapid succession of images and ideas, which will always cause a considerable contrast between the actual observations of the traveller committed to his notebook, and the elaborate and analytic form of set dissertations. Nor can Italian criticism be cultivated with success out of Italy. The remark applies even to that species of criticism which is conversant with productions that may be said to belong to an almost dead language—the language of Dante and Boccaccio. For it is only in Italy that an Italian student can be supplied with the abundance of books which he requires,

and, what is of still greater moment, with that traditional knowledge which floats in the memories of literary men.

We have said much in the way of censure, but this is by no means incompatible with a large share of commendation; and we are always glad to escape from the less pleasing parts of our duty, to the gentler office of pointing out merits. The Author's criticisms are entitled to considerable, though not unqualified praise. Mr. Mills is not an original author; every page of his work, indeed, has served but to revive in our memories facts or reflections that had been long familiar to us. But to compile with taste, is no mean merit; and we can with a safe conscience recommend the work to those who have not the means of consulting the larger collections, or are unable to read them in their own language.

The commentaries on Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch, form the best portions of the two volumes. That on the former of this great triumvirate, is correct and copious, but incomplete, we venture to affirm, from the omission of a most important feature in the estimate of that great poet. Dante (and no appreciation of his powers can do him justice if this circumstance be overlooked) was the first architect of his own poetical diction. His choice lay between the various dialects which had grown in Italy. He levied also considerable contributions on the Latin and the Provençal, and, when he wanted a new word, did not scruple to invent one. The assiduous study of Virgil furnished him with those concise and energetic, and at the same time picturesque expressions, which were not to be found in his native idiom—an idiom which, before it had received such noble engraftings from his genius, was little more than the organ of vulgar and familiar speech, and never soared to higher or nobler sentiments, than those of gallantry and love. Add to this, that the great poem of Dante is without example in the intellectual history of nations. It was a creation out of chaos. And while every other liberal art which then burst into life, received successive improvements,—while the sculpture, the painting, the architecture of the period were wholly surpassed, even to the extinction of their fame, by the more ripened glories of a succeeding age,—the *Divina Commedia* of Dante has always stood alone, equally superior to all that went before, and all that came after it.

‘The fire and energy,’ says Mr. Mills, ‘are partly attributable to the perturbed state of its author’s mind. Indignation against his country gave new vigour to his feelings. He dipped his pen in the gall of his anger as well as in the pure stream of Helicon. He joined the bitterness of his soul to the sweetness of poesy. He was animated both by his muse and his resentment. But if the injustice of

the Florentines kindled his indignation, Florence herself was ever dear to his heart. He could keenly satirise the government by contrasting the versatility of its principles with the stability of the ancient republics; Athens and Sparta, he asserts, made slow progress in civil improvements compared with Florence, who used such wondrous subtlety, that the thread woven in October scarcely reached to the middle of November. Dante lamented the depravity of the times wherein he lived: he thought with fondness of those pure days when his native city made no false boast of embroidered damsels; when there was no zone more attractive than the form which it embraced; when mothers handled the spindle, and their faces were coloured by nature, not art.

‘Non donne contigiate, non cintura,
Che fosse a veder più che la persona.

• • • • •
La donna sua sanza 'l viso dipinto:

• • • • •
E le sue donne al fuso, et al pennechio.’

‘And now the times were such, that it was the preacher’s task to command the unblushing dames of Florence to veil those beauties which even women of barbarian countries concealed. But the former days were chiefly happier than the present, because then

————— Ciascuna era certa
Della sua sepoltura.

‘“Every one was certain of burial in his native land.” How deep the misery of his exile—how affectionate his love for Florence must have been—if a satisfaction like this were the subject of Dante’s meditations!’ Vol. I. pp. 227—229.

‘Poetical comparisons with rural scenery abound in every description. The views of external nature which Dante has given, are particularly observable; for no Italian or Sicilian poets before his time had painted the fine scenery they lived in. There are some passages as beautiful and sublime as those which I have mentioned: and, perhaps, our admiration of the *Divina Commedia* proceeds rather from the excellence of particular parts than from the strength of the whole. Dante’s rich and energetic sentiments impress themselves on the mind. His pregnant brevity is convenient for solitary meditation and conversational quotation. The misfortune is, that we feel no interest in the story. Although Dante is in the course of his journey perpetually shedding tears and fainting with terror, still our confidence in the sufficiency of Virgil’s guardianship is so complete, that we are not alarmed for our hero’s safety. It is sufficient to be told once, that the two poets pass with slow and solemn steps through the solid temperament of darkness, conversing in few and brief sentences on the life to come. But we soon become wearied with the mention of roads and bridges, circles, abysses, precipices, and rocks. We are pleased, however, when Dante meets with, and expresses, gratitude to his old master, Brunetto Latini, and reverentially bends his head:

‘——— 11 capo chino
Tenea com’ uom che reverenti vada.

Or, when Virgil saves his charge with parental care, or encourages him to exertion by such noble lines as these;

‘ Omai convien, che tu così ti spoltre,
Disse ‘l Maestro; che seggendo in piuma,
In fama non si vien, nè sotto coltre,
Sanza la qual chi sua vita consuma
Cotal vestigio in terra di se lascia,
Qual fummo in aere, ad in acqua la schiuma,

INFERNO. CANTO 24.

• The reader feels no interest for Beatrice. She is too visionary, mystical, and allegorical to excite any sentiment in our minds. Although we are told that she grows more bright and beautiful the higher she ascends into heaven, still we affix no ideas to such seraphic charms, and cannot sympathize with a metaphysical abstraction. For the innumerable flitting shadows in the drama, our interest is equally faint. The mixture of profane and sacred characters is offensive to good taste. The legend is as much borrowed from, as real history. With all Dante’s endeavour to vary the punishments of hell, still there is left upon the mind only one general impression of horror and disgust. There is nothing that can raise or soften the feelings in a description of liquid pitch, boiling blood, gales of fire and snow, the mixing of the bodies of men and serpents, and the cries and shrieks of the damned. A picture of corporeal sufferings must be repulsive, whether it be drawn in a sermon or a poem, by a minor friar or by Dante. Would that the author of the *Inferno* had described the characters, the councils, and the actions of the Prince of Darkness! But his description of Lucifer, his making him a beast rather than a being of intellectual energy, checks the wish. Nor do I greatly admire his account of the demons, in the twenty-first canto of the *Inferno*. What can be more offensive to delicacy than the conclusion of that canto?

• The Purgatory is only an adumbration of the *Inferno*; for sinners of the same description are in both worlds. In the former place, however, they are persons who repented before they died; but in the more doleful regions of Hell, they are offenders who perished obdurate in their violations of the laws of Heaven.

• The Paradise is not, I believe, often read, even by Italians themselves. The want of passion is more felt in this part of the poem than in the preceding cantos. In resolving to make, at all hazards, the third book as long as each of the others, Dante did not consider the dangers of prolixity.

• Metaphysical and scholastic subtleties appear occasionally in the Purgatory, but they abound to satiety in the Paradise. Poetry, the language of passion, is ill calculated for discussions on the nature of angels, free will, original sin, and the mysteries of redemption. The various astronomical remarks, and the occasional medical theories, are

not, apparently, of heavenly or of scientific origin. We feel no poetical pleasure in being perpetually told of blazes of light, and the singing of hosannahs. We pass through planets, and moons, and suns, without finding any thing wonderful or distinguishing. We are wearied by theological symbols, and crosses extending over all the heavens. The inability of man to describe celestial bliss ought to have repressed the muse of Dante; but the pious humility of confessing ignorance was no part of the religion of the time. Consistently with the best principles of religion, Dante has made tranquillity one species of happiness. But tranquillity is a point, and admits of no description. Call in recollection, and ideas of pain as well as of pleasure are summoned up. Anticipations will be either of hope or of fear, agreeably to the cast of mind and circumstances of the individual. In every case tranquillity will be changed into restlessness. Dante's notion that happiness consists in knowledge is beautiful and philosophical. But when we find that this knowledge is the Aristotelian philosophy in a degraded state, or the miserable theology of the monks, or academical distinctions between moral and speculative virtue, our understandings are not much enlightened, and the conclusions we draw are not very suitable to the dignity of the subject.

‘ If the character of his times had led him to a happier theme, and had his learning been that of the sixteenth instead of the thirteenth century, our admiration of Dante's genius would be greater than what it is. We read the *Divina Commedia* as a task, and feeling that the invisible world is a subject, which even the genius of the great Florentine cannot describe, we wish that he had treated of matters purely of terrestrial interest. His religion is not the pure Gospel, his philosophy is not divine, and the awfulness of his subject should have forbidden him from making his book a political satire. But so beautiful are his rural images, so fine are his occasional paintings of the workings of passion; he is so energetic and so pathetic; his moral strain is so sublime, (except when he inculcates revenge as a sacred duty), and his satire is so keen, as to impress upon his poem a character of merit so far transcending all former attempts at rhyme in the Italian language, that we hail him as the father of his country's poetry, and apply to him his praise of Virgil,—that his fame will be co-existent with the world's duration:

‘ O anima cortese —————

Di cui la fama ancor nel mondo dura,
E durerà quanto 'l moto lontana.’ Vol. I. pp. 235—240.

We were pleased to observe that Mr. Mills gives this great poet due credit for those more softened charms of the art, which are requisite to delineate the calm and the tranquil, the repose of inanimate nature, the bland and home-felt delights known only to those who are enamoured of picturesque and rural imagery. They who take up the *Divina Commedia* in the expectation that it abounds only in that which is supernaturally sublime and terrific, will be surprised at meeting with passages

that inspire far other emotions than awe and terror. What reader of cultivated taste has not throbbed with delight, when he read, for instance, the entrance of the Bard into purgatory, and felt the music of those ravishing strains in which he felicitates himself on his escape from his 'obscure sojourn,' to those less fearful regions where hope comes to the wretched? It is here, as if delivered of a burthen which pressed down his genuine feelings, and bound him to themes ungenial to his nature, and breathing a more ethereal element, that he expatiates with joy and gladness over fairer fields of imagination. His images are culled from the smiling scenes around him, and his poetry is instantly lighted up with all the beauties and splendours of the visible creation.

Of all writers, Dante is confessedly the most original. Virgil was the inspiring genius of his song, but Dante did not tread with servility in his steps. Even his faults bear testimony to the greatness of his powers. His unlimited command over language, betrayed him into those obscurities and licentious innovations which occur now and then in his poem. But it is in a sententious conciseness and the singular happiness of finishing every picture by a few bold touches, that his great excellence lies. How prolix would the stories of Francesca and Ugolino have been in the hands of Ovid, or of Claudian, of Ariosto, or of Spenser!

We agree with Mr. Mills, that the *Paradiso* is not so often read, as the other parts into which Dante has divided his poem; but we must venture to assign other reasons for the fact. Dante had nearly exhausted the opulence of his fancy in the three regions of his spiritual world. Hope and beatitude are not subjects wholly inexhaustible. Unvaried brilliancy is fatiguing; and the accumulation of images derived from light and music, pall by too frequent repetition. In addition to these remarks, in which we have insensibly indulged, and for which our own predilections must be our excuse, we must further observe, that there is no poet, with the exception perhaps of Shakspeare, who is a better master of moral wisdom, or who is more brief and energetic in the enunciation of abstract truths. Our own Milton alone excepted, he is also the most learned of the poets. The *Divina Commedia* abounds in learned speculations, and especially in that

‘dottrina che s’asconde
Sotto l’velame degli versi strani.’

But the great poem of Dante is still more interesting, when it is studied as the portraiture of the Bard himself,—the mirror of his mind,—the register of all his solitudes and sorrows.

We sympathise alike, as we peruse it, with the unhappy lover of Beatrice, and the exiled magistrate of Florence. Nor can we agree with the Author, that Beatrice is incapable of exciting interest in the reader. The sincerity of his passion, we have always discerned, or thought we discerned, piercing the veil of allegory which shrouds her. But, if we do not sympathize strongly with his love, we take our full part in his resentments. The unmerited exile and the hopeless poverty of such a man, appear the irredeemable disgrace of our kind, while they awaken within us the tenderest of all sorrowings—those with which we bewail the sufferings of genius and virtue.

Petrarch has of late years had his full share of attention, not so much, we are inclined to think, as one of the restorers of letters, as on account of the air of romance which his passion for Laura has thrown over his life. Upon the subject of that passion, Mr. Mills adopts the theory at present most current, but never satisfactorily established before the Abbè Sade's *Memoirs of the Poet*,—that she was a married woman, when she inspired that singular and mysterious attachment. However that may be, we confess that, after four hundred years have passed over the mortal remains of the Poet and his mistress, we are little disposed to discuss the question, whether Laura was an inflexible maid or a coquetting wife? Yet, in one respect, it is important, though it has not occurred to Mr. Mills. The unyielding coldness of Laura to so passionate and deserving a lover, would, upon the hypothesis of her having been unmarried, throw no little ridicule on so rapturous, so lengthened, so unrequited a passion; and it is not, therefore, singular that the Italian commentators of Petrarch should have deemed it a mere poetical passion only. Whereas, on the Abbè Sade's hypothesis, we have at once a key to the whole of the Petrarchan poetry. On one side, a love conceived in a moment, nurtured by the softness of a heart unusually tender, and warmed and ripened by an ardent fancy; a love without hope indeed, yet, strange as it may seem, deriving even from its hopelessness all its strength and vivacity;—on the other, a mixture of prudery and coquetry, a partiality restrained probably by chastity, yet evidently flattered by the immortality affixed to her name by the talents of her lover. These circumstances shed somelight over an attachment, which, to mere men of the world, must always appear in some sort mystical and unintelligible. Petrarch's passion, such as it was, cannot, however, be deemed free from reproach;—but the state of manners in the fourteenth century, must be some palliation of his passive surrender to the impulses of his heart.

Our Author's remarks on Petrarch, if not perfectly original,

(and how can originality be expected on such a subject?) are neither feebly nor inelegantly expressed.

* Petrarca was fond of disclaiming all merit to his sonnets: he calls them mere juvenile exercises, mere sportive indulgencies of his wit and fancy, which he often intended to cast into the fire. This renunciation of honor must however be placed among the artifices of literary men. He says, in one of his sonnets, that if he had anticipated the applause which his Italian poetry had met with, he would have written it with more care.

* *S' io avessi pensato, che sì care
Fosser le voci de' sospir miei in rima,
Fatte l'avrei dal sospirar mio prima
In numero più spesse, in stil più rare.*

But it is certain that Petrarca did use all possible diligence; that he did give all the powers of his mind to the revision of his sonnets and canzonieri. Some of his own manuscripts are yet in being. In them the poet has marked the various corrections which he made in any particular verse, and the year, the day, and the hour when each successive change was made. These manuscripts destroy the supposition that he did not rest any of his hopes of fame on his Italian poetry. Besides, Petrarca in his old age solicited his friend, Coluccio Salutati, to correct his works, except his verses in the Italian language; for those he had polished, he says, as highly as he was able. Petrarca had so much of the irritability of genius, that it was impossible for him to pass over with indifference any of his literary productions. He wrote some wretched eclogues in imitation of Virgil; and was deeply mortified that they were censured by his judicious friends. If he had been dead to fame on the subject of his sonnets, why was he jealous of Dante's great poem in the vernacular idiom? The existence of that jealousy is evident from his cold and sneering letter to Boccaccio, when that honest son of genius, not observing in Petrarca's library a copy of the *Divina Commedia*, made one with his own hand, and sent it to his friend, with a letter, in which he acknowledges that Dante's mind had first illuminated his own. Why, when Petrarca mentions the poet of the invisible world, is it always in company with, and in no higher terms of eulogium than he bestows upon, the wretched versifiers who lived in the first ages of Italian poetry?

* The worst sonnets of Petrarca are full of extravagancies of opinion, and conceits in language. They are fit for the perusal of those persons who wish to possess a favorable notion of those much praised, but little read, authors, the Troubadour poets. Petrarca's genius was so much superior to that of his precursors in the gay science, that it gave brilliancy and pathos to their lifeless forms. His excellent sonnets, and they are so many that I cannot particularize them, though not pictures of a heart torn by passion, are rich, fanciful, and elegant: at least, as much so as can be expected in that Procrustes of poetry, the sonnet. The Graces are very decorously dressed in the verses of Petrarca. The perfect chasteness of his

muse is astonishing, when we read the licentious ravings of the Troubadours. The Provençal bards, like the poet of Vaucluse, were mystics in love. But nature forced her way through their Platonism. It is difficult to suppose, considering the amatory character of Petrarca, that if his feelings for Laura had been those of ardent love, some corresponding expression would not have escaped him. The Canzoni of Petrarca, on moral and political subjects, have often ideas astonishingly noble, conveyed in expressions of majestic gravity. Lyrical poetry has not many finer pieces than his canzoni beginning with the words, "O aspettata in ciel," and, "Sprito gentil, che quelle membra reggi," in the former of which he endeavours to revive the spirit of crusading; and in the latter, he writes on a subject which, from his love of classical literature, was always dear to him,—the restoration of Roman liberty. Petrarca's lyrical genius appears in full display in several others of the canzoni, particularly in those whose initial lines are, "Chiare fresche e dolci acque," "Di pensier in pensier, di monti in monti," "In quella parte dove amor mi sprona;" and "Nella stagion che 'l ciel rapido inchina." His Trionfi of death, chastity, &c. are, for the most part, dull and frigid allegories, seldom illuminated by the rays of poetic fancy, or made interesting by the glow of poetic feeling. Petrarca, like Dante, owes much of his celebrity to the circumstance that he was one of the earliest writers of genius in the Italian language. To him, as a man who contributed to the perfection of this most melodious dialect, posterity bow with veneration; for the purity, taste and melodiousness of his verses are beyond all praise.' Vol. I. pp. 264—267.

The passion of Boccaccio (the third great ornament of Tuscany in the fourteenth century) for the Princess Mary of Naples, was far different from that of Dante for Beatrice, or of Petrarch for Laura. It was a sensual intercourse, in which the heart had no share; and it was preserved only by vanity on one side, and by voluptuousness on the other. Hence the works he composed for her, viz. the romance of Fiametta, (the name under which he celebrated her,) that which is intitled Filoscopo, and the two heroic poems, the Theseide and Filostrato, are cold and lifeless compositions, and betray the want of interest occasioned by an unreal or unworthy passion. One merit belongs to the former of these poems, that it is an early specimen of the ottava rima; that majestic and delightful stanza which has ever since been the heroic poetry of Italy. Mr. Mills indeed says, that Boccaccio 'was the earliest Italian poet who used that beautiful form of verse.' He is, however, wrong; for the earliest poem in that measure, is the Buove d'Autona, the work of an unknown author, but probably produced within thirty years after the death of Dante. Ginguenè is wrong in making Boccaccio the inventor of the stanza; and Mr. Mills is incorrect in stating, that he was the earliest Italian

poet who used it. 'There is another circumstance,' remarks our Author, 'in these poems, interesting to the history of poetry. Before Boccaccio's time, poets were accustomed to make visions and dreams the vehicles of their tales. Boccaccio boldly imitated the classical poets, imagined a fable, and conducted it by various events, to its close.' He might have found in the *Theseide* a still higher claim to distinction. It furnished the model of the *Knight's Tale* of Chaucer, and was therefore the origin of one of the noblest poems in the English language, the *Palamon and Arcite* of Dryden.

We quote the following passage as a specimen of just and pleasing criticism.

'It is, however, as the father of Italian prose, that Boccaccio stands pre-eminent. He gave it richness, purity, and harmony. Whether such was his wish or not, his fame rests on his novels, and of those, on the *Decamerone* chiefly. It is generally said that he depended for immortality on his Latin works only; and that he wrote his Italian pieces for relaxation of mind. This assertion may be opposed by the fact, that his novels are far longer and more numerous than his other pieces, and that at the conclusion of the *Decamerone* he often complains of the *lunga fatica* of his work. Towards the close of his life, he certainly regretted that so much licentiousness had fallen from his pen; and this opinion gave rise, perhaps, to the assertion which I have mentioned.

'Of the *Decamerone* I must say a few words. Boccaccio supposes, that during the dreadful pestilence which raged through Europe in the fourteenth century, and which devastated the rich and populous city of Florence, in the year 1348, seven young ladies and three gentlemen retired to a beautiful house and garden, a short distance from the city, and diverted the time by telling tales. Each person told one tale a day. Ten days formed the time of the continuance of the party, and, therefore, the compound word *Decamerone* is given to the budget of stories. It is an amusing proof of Boccaccio's fondness for Greek literature, that he has given a Greek title to his book, and Greek names to the ladies and gentlemen who recite the tales. To assemble several persons, whose object it is to narrate tales, is a common artifice in Oriental literature, and was well known in Europe in Boccaccio's time, by French and Latin translations of a collection of Asiatic fictions, called the *Seven Wise Men*. The machinery which surrounds the *Decamerone* has been imitated by several succeeding writers. Chaucer has adopted the fashion which the popularity of Boccaccio gave rise to, of investing tales in a dramatic form; but he has infinitely improved on his original, by collecting a number of pilgrims, who agreed to deceive the road, by telling tales. Each person speaks agreeably to his character and circumstances; and the judicious appropriation of stories to individuals is a great subject for the exercise of the author's ingenuity. The want of this harmony

makes Boccaccio's machinery occasionally appear cumbrous. Besides, as pilgrimages were often made excursions of pleasure as well as of religion, the telling of tales was a natural part of the entertainment, much more conformable to situation than an amusement of that sort in the midst of a public calamity.

' Few of the tales in the Decamerone are the perfect creations of Boccaccio's genius. Most of them existed already in a rude shape. The collection of tales called the *Gesta Romanorum*, by Peter Berchorius, prior of the Benedictine convent of St. Eloy at Paris, was a very favorite work in the fourteenth century, when it was written, as well as in after times. Boccaccio has occasionally drawn from it. He calls his master Leontius an inexhaustible archive of Grecian tales and fables. Hence many Oriental and Greek fictions are to be met with in the Decamerone. Boccaccio likewise borrowed from the *Trouveurs* of the north, and the *Troubadours* of the south of France. Italian cities were in Boccaccio's time so much infested by vagrant French minstrels, that their excesses were made the subject of municipal regulation. Some germs of the Decamerone are to be found in the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, in the tales of the *Seven Wise Men*, and others in the collection of popular stories called the *Cento Nouvelle Antiche*. Many had been long the hereditary property of the travelling Italian minstrels, and not a few were mere village stories. The proud lord, the polite cavalier, the lovely damsel, the cruel and avaricious father, coquettes, and cuckolds, luxurious monks, and crafty friars, were common members of society in Boccaccio's time, and he has introduced them into his tales in every possible variety of exhibition. He gave vitality and spirit to the meagre forms of ancient fiction, and his pictures of his contemporaries are striking and faithful. The elegance of the narratives, the richness and naïveté of the style, the wit of the conversation, the remarks on life, the poetic grace of description, in short, the genius of the whole, must be claimed by Boccaccio alone.' pp. 285—289.

To the antiquarian sources to which Mr. Mills has traced the Decameron, he ought to have added the old Indian romance of *Dolospathos*, which had found its way into the national literature of every country in Europe, and which was in fact the ground-work of that highly prized, illegible, and unread book, so dear to the worthy members of the *Roxburghe Clubbe*, the "*Seven Wise Masters*." As to Boccaccio's having borrowed his tales from the *Trouveurs* and *Troubadours*, we agree rather with *Ginguené* and the Italian avengers of their native literature, that both Boccaccio and those from whom he more immediately drew, were, without reference to each other, supplied at the same common Oriental fountains. We have also remarked, and with some surprise, that, in the summary of Boccaccio's writings, his prose version of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, framed probably from the lectures of his friend *Leo Pilatus*, (for Boccaccio was an indifferent Greek scholar,) that trans-

lation, however, which conveyed to Petrarch, who was still less versed in that language, the only notions he had of the Father of poetry, and, which, in the succeeding century, was clandestinely used by Laurentius Valla, the Latin interpreter, —we are surprised, we say, that this important work should have escaped the learned diligence of our Author.

Of the poets of the fourteenth century, Mr. Mills gives only a barren and desultory catalogue. We shall very briefly endeavour to supply the omission, confining ourselves to the poetical literature of Italy, and only referring occasionally to Mr. Mills, rather as an auxiliary than a guide.

Dante was followed by a tribe of imitators. Fazio degl' Uberti, and Federigo Frezzi, the former in the poem called *Detta-mondo*, the latter in the *Quadriregio*, followed servilely the track of that sublime master. The *Detta-mondo* is vigorous in style and expression, and is only not worthy of Dante. It is now, we think, undeservedly forgotten, having never passed beyond two editions, each of them now very scarce. What has weighed it down, is the mystical theology that pervades it. Antonio Pucci, the inventor of that peculiar burlesque which Berni afterwards brought to such perfection, closes the poetical catalogue of the fourteenth century.

The next age was that of philologists, grammarians, commentators, while the national literature giving way to the rage for antiquity, remained almost stationary. Dante and Petrarch seemed to have left the poetic soil exhausted and effete; for their successors dealt in little more than those strokes of wit, puerilities, and conceits, which render it the severest penance to read them. Towards the close of the century, 'a divine ray,' says Sismondi*, 'penetrated the inanimate statue; the soul was rekindled, and life began a new career.' This second life was breathed into Italian poetry by the liberal encouragement of Lorenzo de' Medici. To this era belongs the creation of the highest kind of Italian poetry; we mean the heroic romance which may be styled the Epic of Italy. We presume not to meddle with the perplexed controversy as to the origin of chivalrous fiction, acquiescing as we do in the ingenious theory of Warton, which M. Ginguené has also adopted, by which the jarring opinions of those who trace it to the Scandinavian scalds and the Moorish minstrels, are completely harmonized. They who are well read in the Italian romantic fictions, will without difficulty recognise the varied features of a double descent,—the gloom of the northern superstition, and the en-

* Tom. ii. p. 41.

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* Tom. ii. p. 41.

thusiasm of the northern courage, softened by the brilliant voluptuousness, the caprice, the exaggeration of the more airy poesy which belongs to the South.

For a very long period, Turpin's Charlemagne was the chief source of Italian fable. This, with other romances equally wretched, constituted no inconsiderable part of the literature of Italy during the fourteenth and part of the fifteenth centuries. They will, however, be interesting to those who are desirous of tracing the beauties of Ariosto to their primary sources, and of contrasting their rude conceptions with the embellished forms in which his genius has invested them.

'All the romances which I have mentioned,' says Mr. Mills, 'were superseded in reputation by the *Morgante Maggiore* of Lodovico Pulci, the friend of Lorenzo de' Medici. He is called, indeed, the Ennius of Italy. The topics of the poem are the wars and adventures of Charlemagne's Paladins, which the envy of Ganellon, the minister of the emperor, gave rise to; and the nominal hero, *Morgante*, is a giant, subdued and converted to Christianity by Orlando, and who serves as his friend and esquire during some of his expeditions against the Moors. Like the rest of the early writers of the romantic epopée, Pulci commences many of his cantos with quotations from Scripture; he invokes most sacred names in the midst of his descriptions of follies and indecencies; and introduces prayers and Scriptural phrases in places little analogous to such solemnities; among extravagant, and even licentious tales. Pulci is a fine painter of manners. Poignant satire and arch simplicity are not the only features of the *Morgante Maggiore*.' Vol. II. pp. 146, 7.

Mr. Mills rightly estimates the *Morgante Maggiore*; and we observe with pleasure, that he by no means concurs with Sismondi in consigning both poet and song to unqualified condemnation. We admit its unmeasured prolixity, and its grotesque mixture of sacred and ludicrous subjects; but a rich vein runs through it, and its Tuscan dialect is considered by the Italian critics as exquisitely pure. One important link in the genealogy of Ariosto's great poem has, however, been omitted by Mr. Mills, viz. the *Mambriano* of Francesco bello, commonly called the blind man of Ferrara, which preceded the *Orlando Innamorato* of Boiardo. We acknowledge that we never saw the work; but, from M. Ginguené's analysis, which is now before us, we infer that it has considerable merit. Both the *Morgante Maggiore* and the *Mambriano* are, however, memorable chiefly as the precursors of the *Orlando Innamorato*, the immediate progenitor of the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto. Of Matteo Maria Boiardo, we cite the following notice from Mr. Mills.

'He was born in a castle near Reggio, in Lombardy, about the

year 1434. He studied in the University of Ferrara, and remained almost all his life attached to the courts of the Ferrarese dukes. He died in the year 1494. He was one of the most learned and ingenious men of a very intellectual age, and he gave his country a poem, wherein the marvels of fairy worlds are displayed, if not with the luxuriousness of beauty, yet with astonishing stateliness and magnificence. Until I read Ariosto, I conceived that Boiardo had exhausted the world of invention; so numerous are the characters in the *Orlando Innamorato*, so varied the circumstances, so rich the mantle of embellishment. His good sense and piety made him avoid the example of his poetical predecessors, in introducing Scriptural phrases on low or trivial occasions. He is sometimes grand and sublime; but he lived in a court where gallantry dictated manners; and his subject, both as he conceived it, and as his readers expected to find it, tended more to love than heroism. There is in the *Orlando Innamorato*, as in every other poem, a maze of romantic adventures, that beset the Paladins of Charlemagne, in their wars with the Saracens. But Boiardo is the first poet that has made love the ruling passion of Orlando. Angelica, the object of his passion, does not, however, return his affection. She adores Rinaldo, who regards her with indifference. Orlando breaks the ties of friendship, and forgets his love of fame, and, indeed, all his chivalric qualities and desires, except his religion; for, in perfect harmony with the principle, that God and the ladies should possess, in divided sovereignty, the heart of a true knight, Orlando is as zealous in converting the heathens as in adoring Angelica. Vol. II. pp. 147, 8.

Ariosto's poem is read with delight by all nations. Stripped of the beauties of poetry, even in the cold and languid translation of Hoole, his fables are captivating and delightful. The secret charm that leads us on, is the interest that we feel in deeds of valorous achievement. He transports us into a world in which the vulgar interests, the sordid chace after vulgar happiness, and the low and common perturbations of life are suspended. In spite also of a lurking spirit of raillery and an ill-concealed satire, that run through the poem, he raises within us, we know not by what process, a high-toned enthusiasm for courage and virtue; and we almost blush, as we read him, that we are not cavaliers and heroes. His versification is more graceful and elegant, than vigorous or majestic. His beauties of diction are peculiarly observable in the opening stanzas of each canto. He has no equal in harmony of language. He dallies, as it were, with his subject, as well as with his readers. Hence it is, that he seldom reaches the elevation and grandeur of the epic; but, if he does not reach it, it is because he does not wish to do so. Hence too, his facility borders not unfrequently upon negligence, and he brings out his verses like an improvisatore. Yet, even these negligences please us, like those of the nymph of Horace.

But he drops his playfulness in an instant; and the elaborate polish of the rest of his verses, shews them to have been interposed by design, that the more vigorous and finished parts of the poem might stand out in bolder relief from the contrast. The other poetical qualities of this great artist, are adequately appreciated by Mr. Mills.

‘ There are few parts of the story of the *Orlando Furioso* that are strictly new. The author has freely borrowed from all the common stores of fictitious narratives, the romances relating to Charlemagne and his Paladins, King Arthur and the Armoric knights. But Ariosto every where appears an original writer, because the changes which he has made in his original tales shew the highest powers of invention. He has given form and character to the meagre sketches of his precursors. His genius has embellished their creations, or given life to more beautiful visions; and when he has borrowed from the classical authors any of their rich inventions, (and he is the first of the romance-writers that has drank of this source of inspiration,) he has either varied with masterly power some features of their images, or has so nobly developed their beauties, that there is no appearance of adoption or translation. The *Orlando Furioso* is the richest and most magnificent of the poems of chivalry. The author commands, with the potent skill of a magician, all the marvels of Oriental sorcery that form the graceful colouring of the Spanish and French romances, which Ariosto had diligently read. Wit, elegance, pathos, satire, comedy, simplicity, the terrific and the sublime, the classic and the historic pages, the authentic annals and the fairy tale, all contribute their stores equally for the events that prevent the marriage of Ruggiero and Bradamante, who are the ancestors of the Este family, for the wars of Agramant, the Musselman chief, with Charlemagne, and for the misery and madness of Orlando on account of the beautiful Angelica bestowing her affections upon Medoro, and not upon himself. The valour of the cavaliers, and the tenderness, true feminine fortitude, and energy of the ladies of chivalry, are described in the most glowing colours. No author paints with more vividness and brilliancy than Ariosto. The interest of the reader is perpetually alert, for it is impossible to foresee the progress of the story.

‘ But, to enjoy the *Orlando Furioso*, we must associate with the poem a long train of chivalric recollections. We must imagine a lofty hall enriched with the trophies of war, where the minstrel roused the courage or softened into love or pity the hearts of knights and ladies, by singing the wars and loves of times which poetry has rendered bright and golden. Then the lively conversational style which pervades the greatest part of the *Orlando Furioso*, will appear brilliant, elegant, and harmonious, and the variety and quick transition of circumstances in the poem will seem the natural flights of genius roving over boundless worlds of fiction, and bearing away the feelings of the enraptured auditors.

‘ I shall say little on the defects of the *Orlando Furioso*; on the author's preserving his comic mask in improper places, on his vulgar

and mean phrases in serious parts, and many other inaccuracies of style. If the poem be censured for its voluptuousness, let it be praised for the delicacy of every point of honour that it inculcates. It must be confessed that Ariosto's digressions respecting the origin and history of the family of Este are exceedingly wearisome. The poet has made some noble attempts to illustrate that family, but their real insignificance appears only more contemptible through the cumbrous load of ornament.' Vol. II. pp. 151—154.

We have not room even for a passing mention of the numerous poems in imitation of Boiardo and Ariosto, nor for any remarks, strongly as we are tempted to make them, on the Orlando Innamorato Reformato of Berni; a *refaccimento* which, by a singular fatality, has entirely superseded the original of Boiardo. Mr. Mills has noticed them somewhat slightly. Nor has he dwelt very emphatically upon Tasso, the only poet to whom Italy owes the glory of a serious epic. We must, therefore, close our article without touching upon the painters, the sculptors, the political and philosophical writers whom he commemorates. Our opinions concerning his work have been already given, and we shall neither add to our censures nor to our commendations. But his industry, to which every page of the book bears ample attestation, deserves more than lukewarm praise. Whatever portion of fame may be assigned to Mr. Mills, he has shewn himself, more especially in his former works, not unmindful of the path by which it is to be attained,—the path of severe diligence and unremitted research; and his Italian studies seem at least to have impressed him with the truth conveyed in the immortal lines of Dante,

—che seggendo in piuma,
In fama non si vien, nè sotto coltre,
Sanza la qual chi sua vita consuma
Cotal vestigio in terra di se lascia
Qual fummo in aere, ad in acqua la schiuma.

Inferno. Canto 24.

Art. II. 1. *The Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns*. By Thomas Chalmers, D.D. Minister of St. John's Church, Glasgow. Vol. II. 8vo. pp. 366. Price 8s. 6d. Glasgow. 1823.

2. *A Letter to the Right Hon. George Canning, on the Principle and the Administration of the English Poor Laws*. By a Select Vestryman of the Parish of Putney. 8vo. pp. 110. London. 1823.

DR. Chalmers will have performed an essential service to society, whatever be the event of his economical specu-

lations and labours in other respects, should he but succeed in drawing attention to these repulsive subjects by the force of his name, and in rendering them somewhat more attractive by the charm of his eloquence. The least that his present volume claims from the public, is an attentive perusal on the part of every person who feels an interest in the national welfare. The facts which he states, are in the highest degree deserving of consideration; and his own practical exertions in following out his system of local inspection, are above all praise. We estimate very highly Dr. Chalmers's intelligent zeal and persevering philanthropy. A man may be forgiven being sanguine, who has been so successful; and of such pure and active enthusiasm as has supplied the stimulus to his labours, it must be at least admitted, that 'it works well.'

The general design of the present volume is, to shew the bearing which a right Christian economy of the kind contended for in the previous chapters, has upon pauperism, and to demonstrate the feasibility of completely doing away our poor's rates, and indeed any legal provision for the poor, by means of an efficient parochial apparatus. This seemingly chimerical achievement, the Author shews to have been actually realized to a considerable extent in some of the poorest districts of Glasgow. In the parishes of St. John and of the Outer Kirk, the experiment has been tried with the most complete success, of a return to a strictly gratuitous economy, agreeable to the original constitution of Scottish parishes, in which a legal assessment is an innovation of modern date. In three other parishes, the North-west, St. George's, and St. James's, the example has been followed, of taking the charge of all new cases upon the gratuitous fund formed by the weekly collections. In five parishes, the system of receiving aids from the Town Hospital out of the general fund raised by assessment, still prevails. In the Barony of Glasgow, one of the suburbs, containing a population of more than 50,000, the plan of assessment was first resorted to in 1810,—'much against the advice and opinion of those who were most versant in the details of the administration for the poor, antecedently to that period.' In the short space of seven years following that period, the expenditure became five times greater than before, while the poor, Dr. Chalmers states, are in no wise better off under the present regime. In the Gorbals, another suburb parish, containing upwards of 22,000 inhabitants, almost all belonging to the mercantile and manufacturing classes, the assessment has never been admitted; and the whole of its sessional expenditure for the poor, is defrayed from a revenue of about £400. annually, which is not £25. a year for each

thousand of the population. And it is stated, that the lower orders are in circumstances of quite as great comfort and sufficiency as those of the assessed Barony, and of the still more heavily assessed parishes within the city. Thus, Glasgow exhibits the experiment in every stage and form, at one and the same time. There are the assessed parishes, the parish into which assessments have never been introduced, those in which a return has been made to the original Scottish mode of supporting the burden entirely by voluntary contributions, and those in which the transition is in progress. From a comparison of the actual results in all these several cases, the Author must be admitted to have made out by fair induction a very strong case. And he has left little room for doubt, that in Scotland, the old system might be rendered perfectly efficient under proper management, so as to supersede the necessity of ever having recourse to a compulsive assessment. The application of his statements and arguments to the English poor laws and English pauperism, is, perhaps, the only question that is attended with real difficulty.

It is now five years since we devoted considerable attention to the subject of the Poor Laws.* We then examined at some length the principle of the law of relief, shewing that it arose out of a previous state of society, which rendered the measure at once just, expedient, and salutary; that it was conceded to the poor not as a gratuitous boon, but as the equivalent for a natural right; that it had for its object, less to extirpate poverty, than to put down or abate the nuisance of a savage mendicity; and that the right of the poor of this country to parochial aid, is a right of precisely the same description, and having the same origin, as the right of the clergy to the tithes. We adduced these considerations, not as absolute and sufficient reasons for the continuance of the present system at all events, but as throwing some light on its original design, and on what was then at least the only alternative. An Edinburgh Reviewer, whom common report identified at the time with the reverend Author of the present volume on the *Economy of Towns*, did not scruple to avow his preference of 'mendicity' in its very worst form of unlicensed vagrancy, to the system of assessment: and he gave it moreover as his deliberate opinion, that 'the zeal of regulation against the nuisance of public begging, is a violation of one of the clearest principles both of nature and of Christianity.' This we deemed at the time, and we still deem it, an extravagant and unwise

* Eclectic Review. Sept. & Nov. 1818. (Vol. X. N. S.)

assertion. We meet with nothing quite so eccentric in the present volume ; but Dr. Chalmers has fallen into the common error of totally misrepresenting the design and origin of the law of relief.

‘ That act of Elizabeth,’ he says, ‘ which has been extolled as a monument of English feeling and English wisdom, is a monument of the legislature’s fears, that neither feeling nor wisdom was to be found in the land. It is, in fact, the cruellest reproach which the government of a country ever laid upon its subjects. It is an enactment founded on a distrust of the national character—or, an attempt to supplement by law, an apprehended deficiency in the personal, and the domestic, and the social virtues of Englishmen. And never did an assembly of rulers make a more unfortunate aberration across the rightful boundaries of the province which belongs to them. Never did legislation more hurtfully usurp the prerogatives of Nature, than when she stretched forth her hand to raise a prop, by which she has pierced the side of charity, and did that with an intent to foster, which has only served to destroy.’ p. 260.

We are quite astonished that Dr. Chalmers should suffer himself to write in this random manner, when it required so little research to discover that this representation is palpably incorrect. Did not his practical knowledge far exceed his historical knowledge in reference to this subject, we should only have to regret that he had meddled with it. Whether the implied deficiency in the personal, domestic, and social virtues of Englishmen, was, or was not, reasonably ‘ apprehended’ by the statesmen of the day, can be determined only by considering what Englishmen were in the reigns of the Tudors. It is very possible, that an enactment founded on a distrust of the national character, might, in those days, be a very wise and necessary enactment. But the statute of Elizabeth was not founded on mere distrust, but on an apparent and urgent necessity. The system of voluntary contribution, the good old Scotch plan of collection at the church doors, had been resorted to so far back as the reign of Henry the VIII., and had failed. The attempts made to evade the contribution, together with its inadequacy, first led to the act of the Vth Elizabeth c. 3, which gave the justices the right to assess any inhabitants who refused to contribute, in any weekly sum they thought fit. The act of the xliiid. Elizabeth was only a consolidation of the pre-existing laws, which had been gradually called for.

Of the state of society out of which grew the necessity for these enactments, we have many indications in the Statute Book. So early as the reign of Henry VII., it had been found requisite to enact, that all vagabonds and persons living sus-

piciously, should be set in the stocks, and put out of the district, and that all beggars should be sent to their last or usual residence, or place of birth*. The prohibitions levied against the large retainues and liveried retainers of the nobility, during that and the preceding reign, had probably led to the increase of unemployed and idle persons; and the distress which prevailed among the lower orders, is indicated by the attempts made to regulate the prices of labour†. 'To check the growing evil of pulling down towns and laying lands into pasture, by which, in many parts, two or three herdsmen only were living where two hundred persons had pursued their lawful labours, it was enacted, that all owners of houses with twenty acres of land, should maintain the houses and buildings necessary for tillage.'‡ The wisdom of these provisions is not now to be inquired into: they sufficiently shew the state of disorder into which the country had been thrown by the civil wars of the Roses. The dissolution of the monasteries in the following reign, though those institutions have justly been considered as fostering mendicity, must have tended, in the first instance, to throw a fresh portion of helpless pauperism upon the public. The seizure of the church property dried up one fruitful source of eleemosynary aid. It was trenching upon the system of voluntary contribution for which Dr. Chalmers contends, and naturally hastened the introduction of legal assessment. The expedient, however, was first tried of legalising mendicity, by granting licences, under seal from a justice, to beg. This lasted but for a few years, and then the Sunday collections were resorted to. Mendicity was in the mean time acquiring the character of a gigantic evil too mighty to be coped with except by the strong arm of the law; and that 'unlicensed vagrancy' which, in its very worst form, the Edinburgh Reviewer would prefer to a poor's rate, was striking at the safety of society. Begging and thieving are always found to go together. We have, on a former occasion, adverted to Strype's statement, that there were at least three or four hundred able-bodied vagrants in every county, who lived by theft and rapine; to the computation made, that Henry VIII. in the course of his reign, 'hanged threescore and twelve thousand great thieves, petty thieves, and vagabonds;' and that, in the reign of Elizabeth, the annual executions of thieves amounted to about four hundred; and to the statement of Fletcher of Saltoun, that, in his day, there were in Scotland,

* Statutes of the Realm. Vol. II. p. 569. † Ibid. 542.

‡ Turner's History of England, Vol. III. p. 637.

' besides a great many poor families very meanly provided for by the Church boxes, 200,000 people begging from door to door.' Let these statements be taken in connexion with the population of the Island at that time, and then we shall have a tolerable idea of the injury inflicted on the English people, and the unreasonable distrust of the national character implied, and the cruel reproach laid upon his Majesty's subjects, by that unfortunate aberration of the Legislature, which gave birth to the law of relief. The comfortable state of society under the system of 'unlicensed vagrancy,' must be obvious; and therefore the vagrant laws, not less than the poor laws, which were but a collateral branch of the same system, must fall under the same condemnation, as hurtfully usurping the prerogatives of Nature.

Dr. Chalmers's account of the 'benevolent purpose' for which poor's rates were instituted in England, is as follows:

' A fund is raised in each of the parishes, by a legal and compulsory operation; out of which a certain quantity of aliment is distributed among those residents who can substantiate the plea of their wants, to the satisfaction of its administrators.'.....' The invention of pauperism, had it been successful, would have gone to annihilate the state of poverty, as well as its sufferings.' pp. 52, 3.

It would be hard to say which this representation is wider of, the fact as regards the 'invention' or original institution of the poor's rate, or the fact as respects the modern practice. To both must this intelligent and benevolent Writer have shut his eyes, when he penned these paragraphs. The principle of the institution is thus correctly stated by the Author of the Letter to Mr. Canning.

' The principle of the English poor system is, that necessary relief shall be given to the impotent, old, blind, and others who are poor and not able to work; and that those who are able to perform work, and cannot find any, shall neither necessarily starve nor be maintained in idleness, but have employment provided for them; and that a sufficient fund shall be levied by rate on the property of every parish, where the necessity of the case may require it, for effecting these joint purposes. This is the spirit and intent of the 43 Eliz. cap. 2. and it is still the law of the land. A variety of statutes have been subsequently passed on the same subject, professing to define the circumstances under which claims shall be made on the fund, and to regulate and control its administration, but leaving the original principle untouched.

' A common complaint against this Act is, that it created a poor population, and laid the foundation of a burden from which no subsequent ingenuity has been able to relieve the country. We might, from what we historically know of Elizabeth and her ministers, have

suspected that they were not such infants in legislation, or such novices in political economy, though they dabbled in the one and talked of the other less than we do, as to tempt her subjects to prefer idleness and dependence to a creditable and useful course of industry, nor so abundant in riches as to invite a demand on the resources of the country for any cause less imperious than that of necessity.

• If the policy of this Act had been originally bad, it must have yielded long ago to the hostility it has met with. It must have a principle of vitality in it, to have survived incessant attacks for upwards of two centuries, which will rescue its advocate from the imputation of wishing, for the sake of singularity, to maintain a paradox, or recommend by sophistry what is radically wrong.

• The fact is, that for a century preceding the year in which the 43 Eliz. was passed, the country had been overwhelmed with beggars. During that period very severe laws had been passed against vagrancy and mendicity; and if enacting, that fines should be the reward for giving, and branding, chains, slavery and death, the punishment for receiving alms, would have suppressed the practice, the evil would have been remedied before Elizabeth's reign. Into the causes which produced this state of beggary and vagrancy, it is not my business at present to inquire. I refer to the preambles and the enactments of the statutes on this subject of the four reigns anterior to that of Elizabeth, to shew, that the evil was intolerable, and had been found irradicable by any measures that had been adopted prior to the 43d of that queen. The error of preceding statutes and the cause of their failure, was in their proceeding on the supposition that legislative restraints could master the natural desire of self-preservation. The parent statute of the present system wisely accompanied the prohibition to practise what it condemned, by a provision which took away its only plea, necessity.

• Elizabeth's Act, as it established a local provision for impotent indigence, had a right, on equitable principles, to enforce the suppression of vagrancy and mendicity.

• Whilst a large class of subjects were troublesome to the community and a nuisance to the government, a race of sturdy, insolent, and disorderly beggars, too apt to take what was never intended to be given to them, unproductive as to finance, and useless for defence, they were maintained upon funds accumulated from the labour and industry of others; but from this era every parish had the power, at least by law, to set to work all who were able to perform it, and thus compel them to contribute wholly or in part to maintain themselves.

• In many respects England has a reputation in common only with that of other countries, but in manufactures and commerce she enjoys a pre-eminent distinction. It would be difficult to guess in what proportion, conjointly with other means, her trade since 1601 has contributed to support her expenditure and maintain her credit; but it is evident, I think, if we inquire what has been the policy of other nations on this point, and what is their present condition, that if, during the last two centuries, she had contented herself with keeping up an ineffective legislative struggle with her poor population, these two in-

dications of national prosperity would have been on a very diminished scale. Manufactures cannot be carried on to any great extent but by a concentrated and tranquil population. We have towns of immense extent, nine out of every ten of the inhabitants of which are labouring mechanics, unavoidably subject to alternations of super-abundance and want from the fluctuations of trade. Could any thing have persuaded so many families to congregate in one place, but the prospect of maintenance from labour, or, in case of its insufficiency, the known existence of a special substitute for it? When irritated by a sudden diminution of wages or a temporary suspension of employment, could any police or any army compel them to respect the rights of property, or submit to the artificial restraints of society, without an offer of the means of subsistence? It is the reasonableness of such an offer that causes even a constable's staff to be respected among the dense and informed masses which our manufacturing towns contain.

'In defining the outline of the grounds on which parochial relief may be given, I think Elizabeth's Act unexceptionable. I am aware, however, that heavy charges have been brought against the principle which it has made the law of the land. It is specifically charged with tempting men to seek their own degradation, with removing the chief stimulus to industry, with generating improvident habits, with forcing population beyond the demand for it, with wasting the resources of the country, and with enforcing charity by legislative authority.

'If these consequences, or any of them, have resulted from the system of parochial relief, as practised in this country, they cannot, with any colour of justice, be charged to that statute which recognizes no case, as entitled to assistance, which does not imply entire or partial helplessness, and which gives the power of compelling voluntary idleness to provide for itself by its own exertions. If subsequent statutes have sprung from this parent stock, which thwart its object, it may indignantly disown the bastard progeny. If ignorance or corruption have been allowed, in administering its provisions, to mistake or pervert its views, and the mischievous effects of a weak or vicious practice have inconsiderately been attributed to the principle, it may repel the obloquy by appealing to the utility and propriety of its object, the benevolence of its intention, and the simplicity and precision of its language.' pp. 22—27.

But, with regard to the application of the fund, the Dr.'s representation of English pauperism is still more at variance with accuracy. We are utterly astonished to find him taking no notice, throughout his present volume, of the main feature in the modern practice,—that abuse which presents the most serious obstacle to any remedial measure, and which has been so frequently adverted to in Parliamentary documents as calling for redress; the practice of mixing relief with wages, or, in the words of the Commons' Committee, 'the practice of defraying what should be part of the wages of labour, out of the poor's rate.' A large proportion of the sum raised by

assessment in England, is actually bestowed as the wages of labour. What an absurdity, then, is it to represent as misplaced benevolence, what is, in fact, selfish injustice! How idle to complain of an 'unfounded distrust' of the national character, in the face of facts so amply testifying that that character is not to be trusted! Dr. Chalmers may say, that, if there had been no poor's rates, the depression of wages which has led to this practice, could not have taken place. But this does not lessen the existing difficulty, nor alter the character of the fact. Besides, he has to shew that this practice is an essential part of the poor system, before he can fairly charge upon that system the consequences of this abuse; for it is plain, that the depression of wages has not resulted from the law of relief, but from the modern practice of perverting that relief to the use of the employer. The poor's rate, which was designed to relieve the distressed, and to support the impotent, has been extensively applied to the relief of the farmer or of the manufacturer, at the expense of the community, by enabling him to purchase a given quantity of labour at a lower price. And these are the men whom it will be necessary to conciliate and persuade into the plan of supporting or relieving the indigent by voluntary contributions.

With this previous difficulty, Dr. Chalmers does not attempt to grapple. He takes no notice of the effect of this practice, in giving to the application for relief the character and tone of a demand, and in destroying all that was once disgraceful in pauperism. What can the labourer feel, who is paid 5s. a week for labour which ought to fetch 10s., but that he is cheated of the difference by his employer, and that he has a right to claim compensation of the parish? Private charity, voluntary contributions, might possibly meet the case of the old and the impotent; but what is to meet the case of partial employment and half-paid labour? If it be said, the church-door collections and sacrament money, what security can we have that these will not be misapplied in the same manner as the assessments? The mode of raising the money would not secure its equitable appropriation. What is chiefly requisite, is, to provide, that neither parochial aid nor private charity should have the effect of abridging the labourer of his just wages, by coming to him in lieu of part of his earnings. This we do not consider as an impossible consummation under the system of assessment; but if it be, then such impossibility lies clearly in the way of abandoning that system for the one proposed, that of voluntary contribution. The evil to be remedied is, the transmutation of agricultural wages into poor's rate; and the only remedial process must involve the convert-

ing back a portion of that rate into wages. But a rise of wages is the last measure to which the farmer will lend his concurrence. And yet, it is in order to this rise of wages, and after wages shall have risen to the fair market price of labour, that you are to call upon him at the church door for his voluntary contribution. Truly, in the present state of things, nothing could be more visionary, in reference to a very large proportion of the parishes in England, than Dr. Chalmers's scheme for dispensing with the assessment.

In manufacturing parishes, we do not deny that the case is somewhat different; inasmuch as the depression of wages is less systematic and less permanently implicated with the parochial administration. The payers of wages, that is to say the purchasers of manufacturing labour, are not identified with the payers of the rate. It would, therefore, be more practicable for a Vestry to oppose some check to the abuse in question, by refusing aid, except in extraordinary cases, to the labourer in full employment. We know not what has been the state of wages in Glasgow during the progress of Dr. Chalmers's experiment, nor how far the practice has obtained in Scotland, of mixing parochial relief with wages. We looked for information on this point from the Author, but have been disappointed. We find him incidentally admitting, however, that the diminution in the expenditure of the Town Hospital, was, in the main, referrible 'to the improved condition of our operative classes and the fall in the price of necessaries.' There had taken place, it seems, what is equivalent to a rise in wages, as well as an increase of employment; and under such circumstances, we conceive it to be very practicable to make an immense reduction of the rate. If the improvement in the circumstances of the manufacturing labourers has had no share in reducing the amount of pauperism within the parish of St. John, Dr. Chalmers has omitted to bring forward a fact which would greatly enhance the value of the experiment. If, on the contrary, the times have been greatly in his favour, he was bound to state it. We are warranted in taking it for granted, that, at present, manufacturing labour in Glasgow fetches a *living price*. We should like to know how he would meet the supposable case of a depression of wages below that living price. For a case of temporary emergency,—the sudden failure of any branch of trade, he is prepared to recommend an appeal to public benevolence, which, he thinks, would promptly and infallibly supply the *extra* contribution to meet the *extra* distress. He contends that, in such circumstances, there is every reason to believe, that the total distress without a poor's rate, would fall short in its amount of the surplus distress with a poor's

rate. He thinks, nevertheless, that it lays for the most part within the means of the labouring classes themselves, to save, in good times, as much as would enable them to weather the distress. Dr. Chalmers, then, would have wages in good times at a rate which should enable the labourer to save; and in this we agree with him. But suppose the reverse of what is taken for granted, and that wages have become permanently depressed below the price at which the labourer can maintain his family; how would his economy provide against this case? Will he say, This cannot take place in Glasgow, because we have no poor's rate, and the labourer will not consent, therefore, to such a reduction of the price of labour! We wish above all things to know how, when the demand for labour slackens, and the supply becomes redundant, such a determination on the part of the labourer could be enforced, and the price of labour be kept from falling below the *minimum* of a living price. If the labourer has saved, he may stand out for a while, provided he does not render himself obnoxious to those laws against combinations among workmen, to which our most zealous advocates for the *Laissez-faire* policy have never objected as over-legislating. But if he has not saved, what is his resource? Must he accept of the low wages, and throw himself upon the Kirk Session or upon private benevolence for the supply of the deficiency? Then would such alms operate precisely as the poor's rate does now, in favouring the injustice and oppression of the manufacturer, and in contributing to keep down the price of labour. Let us suppose that the manufacturer is not disposed to take any unfair advantage of this state of things; he will not be able to employ so many hands. Then the surplus hands must be provided for:—by what means? Will the Kirk Session find them employment? Or must they follow their countrymen across the Tweed? We are already over-stocked. But we must suppose that this depression of wages is common to both countries in that particular branch of industry. Can the Glasgow manufacturer continue to afford to give a living price to the labourer, when, by means of the depression of labour in other districts, the market prices of the article shall have fallen below what it would cost him? If wages are kept up in Glasgow, will the capital employed remain there? If they fall below the supposed *minimum* of a sufficiency for the labourer, can the labourer remain there?

Now this is the problem which we wish to have solved. The present circumstances of Spitalfields give it a peculiar interest. Our readers are aware that the wages of the Spitalfields weavers are regulated by a Local Act, and that petitions for and against the repeal of that Act, have been recently pre-

sented to both Houses of Parliament. That Act stands at present as an anomaly in the Statute-book, and it seems to be absolutely necessary, either to extend its application to other districts, or to erase it from the Statutes. It has unquestionably served as a protection to the labourer, but it has occasioned the transfer of a great part of the trade to the country, where some branches of work can be executed at two thirds of the London prices. The same consequence must follow any attempt artificially to keep up the rate of wages in any particular locality; and thus the poor's rate, by pressing upon wages in one part of the kingdom, must ultimately affect the price in every other. Now it will hardly be disputed, that, in times of general slackness or stagnation, it is the existence of the legal provision, which enables the manufacturer to obtain the labour of the workman at a rate far below the means of subsistence. The plea for such a reduction is, that otherwise most of the hands must be turned off, that half a loaf is better than no bread, and that every sixpence received by the workman as wages, is so much saved from the poor's rate. And accordingly, in the year 1818, the poor's rates were, in Coventry, 19s. in the £1. This reasoning we consider as quite unsound. In such times, the lowest reduction of wages that stops short of making the labourer a pauper, still leaves him in possession of a boon; and every individual kept from the parish, is a saving to the community. But the moment that the practice is established of making up deficient wages from the poor's rate, a step is taken towards the *permanent* depression of wages, which must issue in the degradation of the labouring classes. Henceforth the free labourer is undersold by the pauper; and the capitalist is enabled to supply himself, by this means, with a portion of labour, the payment of which he devolves on the parish. And this pauper machinery being brought into operation at Manchester, for instance, the rate of wages will require to be lowered at Macclesfield; so that, till some extraordinary demand shall occasion a rise in the price of labour, pauperism will form the standing condition of all the hands employed in that branch of industry.

The original principle of the English poor laws knows nothing of such a system as this. It supposes every labourer in full employment to live by his labour. It recognises only the cases of such as are unable to work, and such as are able to work, but are out of employment. It does not attempt to provide against every case of hardship or distress, but simply against the necessity for vagrant mendicity and the danger of absolute starvation. If the poor laws had never had an existence, the case, however, would have occurred, of a stagnation

in trade, attended by a consequent depression of wages, and that depression lasting through a period more than sufficient to exhaust the utmost savings of the most thrifty and provident labourer, and requiring, in order to carry him through it, regular and systematic relief. In such times, there is always an apparent excess of population, and an actual excess of labour as measured by the demand, owing to the interruption in the operations of capital. This excess produces of course a competition highly unfavourable to the labourer; and the inevitable result is, the fall of wages to the *minimum* at which labour can be afforded. The single man can afford to sell his labour the cheapest, and that at which he can subsist, will become the market price. Consequently, the man with a family, not being able to command the more on that account from his employer, will not have enough to subsist on. It is quite idle to represent this state of things as the result of the Poor Laws, because, mischievous as may be their operation in many respects, the circumstances to which we are adverting, might all take place in the absence of any legal provision; and those who are for the abolition of the legal provision, are bound to shew how the indigence which must necessarily ensue, is to be disposed of.

The revival of trade and manufactures has already had the most beneficial effect in raising the price of manufacturing labour, and consequently lightening the burden of pauperism. What is at such a time especially called for, is the utmost vigilance on the part of the parochial administrators, that the existence of the legal provision shall not retard the rise of wages, and thus operate to the disadvantage of the labourer. Nothing can be much worse than the *administration* of the English poor-laws; and it is upon this that we wish Dr. Chalmers had let fall the whole weight of his indignation. What has been done in his own parish of St. John's, and in that of the Outer Kirk, might, we doubt not, be successfully attempted in many of our assessed parishes, with this non-essential difference; that, in the one case, the church-door collections, in the other, the original principle of the poor-laws, should be made the point to which the practice should be brought back. This constitutes in our view the chief value of his experiment; that its application extends to the reduction of pauperism under the one system as well as under the other. 'It is on this account,' to use our Author's words, 'that the method of conducting a Scottish parish, which has admitted the compulsory principle into its administrations for the poor, back again to that purely gratuitous system out of which it had emerged, should not be regarded with indiffe-

'rence by the philanthropists of England.' We think that it is deserving of the most attentive consideration, not with the view of assimilating an English parish to a Scottish one, (for this would be a chimerical attempt,) but with the view of reforming, in like manner, the administration of the poor-laws in our own country. The compulsory principle needs not be abandoned, and yet, most of the measures which have been resorted to, in order to the abolition of the assessment in Scotland, may be made available for its reduction. Dr. Chalmers admits this. He goes so far as to express his opinion, 'that two thirds of the paupers' now in this country, might, by a rigorous execution of the present laws, 'be thrown back upon their own resources, and yet be landed in a state of as great comfort and sufficiency as, with their present allowances, they at present enjoy.' And this opinion of his is countenanced by the fact, that, in some instances, the poor's rate has suddenly subsided to one third of what it was before*. But then, he contends, 'this requisite degree of rigour will,

* We take the following instances of reduction of expenditure from the notes to Dr. Chalmers's volume.

Expenditure of	In 1816-17.	In 1821-2.
Manchester - - - - -	£66,525 18 6	£39,044 6 0
Stockport - - - - -	11,377 12 1	5,446 4 9
St. Cuthbert's, Wells - - -	1,830 0 0	795 0 0
Westham, Essex - - - - -	11,846 0 0	5,818 0 0
Broadwater, Sussex - - -	3,383 19 5	1,641 8 2
	In 1817-18.	In 1820-21.
Bingham, Nottingham - - -	1,206 0 0	400 1 9
	In 1818.	In 1821.
Thatcham, Berks - - - - -	3,742 7 0	1,552 9 0
Englefield - - - - -	596 19 0	200 16 0
East Hendred - - - - -	1,265 3 0	616 6 0
Cheadle Bulkeley, Cheshire -	1,096 0 0	458 7 0
Macclesfield - - - - -	5,165 12 0	2,686 18 0
St. Erth, Cornwall - - - - -	1,047 9 0	471 6 0
Melbourn, Derby - - - - -	1,727 11 0	811 4 0
Stanton and Newall - - - -	1,133 14 0	418 16 0
Cullompton, Devon - - - -	2,075 8 0	836 2 0
Bourton, Dorset - - - - -	2,273 13 0	477 1 0
	In 1819-20.	In 1821-2.
St. Mary's Within, Carlisle -	3,039 19 6	1,436 1 11
(We add from the Letter to Mr. Canning.)		
	In 1818.	In 1822.
Putney - - - - -	4,846 19 2	2,423 6 9
Wandsworth - - - - -	9,497 19 1	4,866 16 5

• In the first place, not be adopted in most parishes; and
• secondly, in those parishes where, under a strong temporary
• impulse, it has been resorted to, and with great immediate
• success, it will not be persevered in: the pitch and the ten-
• sion to which it has been wound up, will relax again.' (p. 277.)
To this it is obvious to reply, that, in the first place, the abo-
lition of the assessment is still less likely to be attempted in
the parishes where no effort is made to reform the administra-
tion; and therefore, if parishes are to be left, as Dr. Chalmers
recommends, to adopt or reject the provisions of any new
enactment at their option, the progress of his new scheme is
not likely to be at all more rapid than that of the Select Vestry
Act has been, which, he alleges, has not yet been proceeded
upon, in more than 2145 instances. And secondly, as to the
probable relaxation of the administration, when the first im-
pulse shall have spent itself, we admit the danger, and the
necessity of providing against it as far as possible; but we do
not see how it is completely obviated even in Dr. Chalmers's
own case. A relaxation of the present energetic administra-
tion in his late parish, would no doubt lead to increased de-
mands upon the voluntary collections, and these might, in
times of distress, rise to a height which would endanger a
recurrence to the assessment. The lax or indiscriminate ad-
ministration of any means of relief, whether parochial or pri-
vate charity, would lead to an increase of pauperism. The
abolition of every kind of provision for the poor, presents, there-
fore, the only security against the possible abuse of such pro-
vision under a lax administration. This Dr. Chalmers is aware
of, and he is prepared to go this length on paper. We are
quite persuaded that it is neither possible nor desirable to go
this length in practice.

Those persons who regard the Scotch mode of raising funds
for the relief of the poor, as a model to which it were desir-
able to conform the English practice, seem to us strangely to
overlook the widely differing circumstances of the population
in the two countries. Whatever be the general merits of Mr.
Sturges Bourne's Act, (and its merits are great and well tried,)
the Select Vestry is but a bungling imitation of 'the plan gene-
rally prevalent in Scotland.' There is little analogy, as we
have before remarked, between an English vestry and a Kirk
session,—between the ordained elders of the Scottish Estab-
lishment, and the churchwardens and overseers of an English
parish. The main advantage of the Select Vestry Act, is the
limitation it has put upon the power of the magistrates, who
have been the chief authors or abettors of the abuses which
have crept into the administration of the poor-laws. But an

English parish can never be assimilated to a Scotch one. Dr. Chalmers recommends, that, in lieu of a rate, in order to provide for new cases,

'The minister and churchwardens may be empowered to have a weekly collection at the church doors; or what is now gathered in the shape of sacrament money, may be made over to it; or donations may be received from individuals; in all which ways the revenue of a kirk session in Scotland is mainly upheld. The fund could be still further, perhaps, reinforced in England, by an act of parliament, empowering this new destination to those charitable donations which abound over the whole country, and to the extent of nearly half its parishes. We do not think this indispensable, though it might give a little more confidence, at the outset, of a prosperous result.' p. 322.

The probable efficiency of the church collections may be reasonably estimated by the amount of what is now raised by *briefs*. Admitting that the appeal would be stronger, when the object of the collection should be the relief of distress nearer home, few persons, we imagine, would place much reliance on its adequacy; and the auxiliary expedient is obviously liable to great objections. Dr. Chalmers forgets that the English are not, like the Scotch, a church-going population. This circumstance, we have no doubt, was one cause why assessments were originally adopted. In the reign of Elizabeth, a large proportion of the population were papists, who could not otherwise be effectually reached; and in the present day, it is but a fraction of the population who are found regular attendants at church. Of these, we should fear that very many would be deterred from attending, by the mere circumstance of a weekly collection. Measured by the population, there is a deplorable want of church-room: estimated by the attendance at church, there is little or none. A very large proportion of those who attend Divine worship at all, are found worshipping within licensed places; and of the sums raised for benevolent and religious purposes, a very considerable share is contributed by the Dissenters. Would Dr. Chalmers then recommend collections at the doors of chapels and meeting-houses also? This would require one of two regulations: either that each sect or denomination should bear the burden of its own poor, as the Jews and Quakers do now; or that a common fund should be raised, subject, as a matter of obvious equity, to a common management. The latter regulation would give rise to numberless jealousies, unless the sums raised came up to some agreed proportion; and it would be resisted by the clergy. The former would be unjust, because the stronger claim of the poor man is not on his sect, but on his employer,

in whose service he has spent his strength, and to whose wealth his labour has contributed; and that employer may be of a different sect. There are parishes in which one denomination comprehends all the rich, and another consists only of the poor; and the throwing the relief of the latter, upon the collections made at the doors of their own place of worship, would be in effect to punish them for not going to church. Parochial relief is too frequently withheld on this ground, though illegally, to render this supposition an invidious one. And though there are persons in this country, to whom such an arrangement would appear most desirable on account of its operating to the discouragement of sectarianism, Dr. Chalmers would, we are well persuaded, reprobate and abhor the expedient.

We must avow, then, our fixed opinion, that the total abolition of the Poor Laws of this country is neither compatible with justice, humanity, nor sound policy; that the original principle is unobjectionable; and that what ought to be attacked, is the modern practice, which is, in almost all its details, vicious and demoralizing. Our limits will allow only of our glancing at the means available for the effectual reduction of the present amount of pauperism, without disturbing the law, or oppressing the poor.

The first suggestion, in point of importance, respects the *agency* employed in the administration. 'If,' says the Author of the Letter,

'the principle of the English poor laws can be successfully defended, the agency which the law has provided for their administration, cannot be too decidedly condemned. It is altogether so imperfect, so inadequate to its object, as to insure a mischievous result. From two to four inhabitants are to be annually elected in vestry, for the gratuitous performance of this service. Their business is to make the assessment, and collect the rate; to provide supplies for, and superintend, the workhouse; to relieve the out-door poor, giving to all enough, and to none more than enough; to provide work for the unemployed; to investigate cases of settlement; and to keep an account, which will bear a minute examination, of their receipts and disbursements. To perform the duties of an overseer of the poor, with any tolerable success, would require a union of qualifications which few possess. From the manner in which the office has generally been filled, and the duties executed, the very acceptance of the appointment is, in general estimation, attended with certain loss of character. So much misrepresentation is attached to the motives, and so much obloquy to the actions, of an able and conscientious overseer, that the office is shunned by all for whom either the influence of station, or pecuniary sacrifice can procure exemption from the appointment. It is by persons in the rank of tradesmen that the

office is generally held. Men in that station of life have not leisure from other occupations to attend to the duties of the office. A situation of embarrassment between the conflicting claims of private and public duty, is one in which no man ought to be compulsorily placed. If he neglect his private concerns, he may be tempted indirectly to indemnify himself at the expense of the public; if the sacrifice be made in his official capacity, a wasteful expenditure ensues, and that of which we all justly complain, a spirit of idleness, insolence, and extortion is thereby fostered among the poor. If a tradesman should be found who could, without personal inconvenience, devote sufficient time and attention to the duties of an overseer, he would fail in other qualifications equally necessary, impartiality, firmness, and independence. It is an every-day occurrence for an overseer, carrying on a trade or business in the parish, to be pressed by a rich neighbour or a good customer to give the parish money to a family of which he knows nothing, or whom, from what he does know of them, he had not thought entitled to any assistance. Is it to be expected, that a man, so circumstanced, whose best recommendation in his private concerns is a spirit of accommodation, will resist such importunities? The poor themselves have also a mode of reducing an overseer when in trade, to compliance with their demands, which they well understand and constantly practise. Mothers, accompanied by their children, will enter his shop in such a state of squalid wretchedness as effectually to deter any other description of people from approaching a place so occupied. It will not avail him to shew that they are not, or ought not to be, in want. Such intruders, presuming on the peculiarities of his situation, come steeled against the power of argument or entreaty: to have them ejected by force would subject the overseer to the charge of wanting the common feelings of humanity, but their retreat will be easily purchased by a compliance with their demands. If he were to act with more firmness than I am disposed to give him credit for, an appeal would be made from his opinion to that of a magistrate, with whom no representation made by him of the idleness and improvidence of the paupers would weigh much against their declaration of absolute want; and this proceeding would only subject him to an additional loss of time, and the mortification of defeat. A few weeks experience of this sort will reduce a tradesman with the very best intentions to the common standard of overseers. Another consideration equally fatal to economy will have its weight with a tradesman in office; he will have to submit his accounts to the scrutiny of a vestry at the end of his year; in order to pass easily through this ordeal, he must purchase the supplies, which he will have to provide on the parish account, of such persons and at such prices as will secure the approval of his money transactions, by a majority of such characters as usually attend and influence public vestries. Of their presence at the annual audit he is sure, but of that of no others. If they have been properly conciliated, he passes his accounts with credit; if not, he retires with the character of a convicted peculator. In a parish vestry, party feelings or interested motives almost always decide the question, though that question may vitally affect the cha-

racter and credit of an individual ; and so strong is the reluctance, except from selfish considerations, to attend a vestry, that it is seldom that a decision, however iniquitous, can be either prevented or reversed. Is it to be expected, then, that a respectable tradesman, when he contemplates the possibility of a disgraceful result, after a year of gratuitous and vexatious toil in the service of the public, will voluntarily accept the office ; or, if forced into it, will render disgrace certain, by an incorrupt execution of its duties ? In these cases I have supposed the officer to have the will, and only to want the power, of acting justly ; but every man, who has paid attention to the subject, knows, that in many parishes, the office is filled by a few men in rotation, who seek it for purposes undeniably corrupt. In agricultural districts, where a few large occupiers of land gain an ascendancy in the vestry, it is a common practice for labourers to be paid by their employers less than half the ordinary wages of other places, and to receive the difference from the poor rates. Waiving the consideration of the pestilent effects which such a practice must have on the spirit and feeling of the labouring class, it is not using too strong a term to say, that it is a direct robbery, under a pretended legal sanction, upon all who contribute to the rates, and do not employ labourers. Though the great employers of labour are not only indemnified by the lowness of wages for their extra contributions to the rates, but are pecuniarily benefited by this practice, yet the amount of the assessment is used as a pretence for seeking a reduction of rent and tithes. It would be a poor consolation to shew, as might easily be done, that such conduct is illegal ; redress would not be obtained without more trouble and expense than any individual would willingly incur.' pp. 51.—56.

The remedy suggested by our ' Vestryman,' is, that every parish should be compelled to confide the concerns of their poor to a select vestry, annually chosen, who should have the power of appointing and dismissing their own assistant ; that the select vestry should be accountable to the parish, and the assistant overseer, who is to be salaried, accountable only to the select vestry ; that all demands against the parish should be paid *monthly*, and a monthly publicity be given to their accounts and transactions. If this select vestry were fairly and properly constituted, no measure would be more likely to ensure the desired reform of the parochial agency.

The next suggestion is one for which Dr. Chalmers and the Vestryman alike warmly contend : it is, that ' the special power ' of justices to order relief, should be altogether taken away.' The vexatious interference exercised by magistrates, is the subject of general complaint. Clerical magistrates are stated universally to favour paupers, because they do not feel the burden they impose, and the shortest way to get rid of the applicant, is to give an order for his relief. The select vestry would be a far more competent tribunal ; and their decision,

both as to relief and the amount of it, should be final. On this subject, we must refer our readers to Dr. Chalmers, pp. 317—21, and to the Letter, pp. 63—66. We only add the remark, that were this vexatious appeal to the justices taken away, the effect would naturally follow, even on the present system, which Dr. Chalmers represents as one 'marvellous' operation of doing away with the rate. 'What is now demanded 'as a right, will then be preferred as a request:' it will be in either case, 'just the difference between the claiming and the 'asking of a thing.'

The withholding of all parochial allowance on the account of illegitimate children, or at least, in every instance of a second offence, would be another important step taken towards the reduction at once of pauperism and of vice. On this delicate subject, we shall content ourselves with transcribing a very important note from Dr. Chalmers's volume.

'There is nought which more strikes and appals the traveller who is employed in a moral or philanthropic survey of our land, than not the gradual, but really instant transition which takes place,' (in regard to the habit of making parochial provision for illegitimate children,) 'when he passes out from the unassessed parishes of Scotland. The mischief done by the allowances of pauperism, is not merely that they hold out to crime a refuge from destitution, but that they, in a certain measure, shield it from disgrace. A family visitation, that would otherwise be felt as an overwhelming calamity by all its members, falls lightly upon their feelings; and one of the greatest external securities to female virtue is demolished, when the culprit, protected by law from the need of bringing a bane and a burden upon her relatives, is thus protected from that which would give its keenest edge of bitterness to their execrations. There can be no doubt that, if you withdraw the epidemic bounty which is thus granted to vice, you would at least restrain its epidemic over-growth; which is now so manifest throughout the parishes of England; that you would enlist the selfishness of parents on the side of the purity of their own offspring. The instant that it was felt to be more oppressive, it would also be felt more odious: and as an early effect of the proposed reformation, should we witness both a keener popular indignation against the betrayer of innocence, and a more vigilant guardianship among families. As it is, you have thwarted the moral and beneficent designs of Nature—you have expunged the distinction that it renders to virtue, because you have obliterated the shame and the stigma affixed by it to vice; you have annulled the sanctions by which it guards the line of demarcation between them.

'Accordingly, in all parts of England, the shameless and abandoned profligacy of the lower orders is most deplorable. It is perhaps not saying too much, to say, that the expense for illegitimate children forms about a tenth part of the whole expense of English pauperism. We do not deduct, however, the sums recovered from the

fathers, our object not being to exhibit the pecuniary burden that is incurred, but, what is far more serious, the fearful relaxation of principle which it implies. Looking over the accounts that are before us at random, we find one year's expense of Sheffield, for this head of disbursements alone, to have been £1388.3.10.; for Leeds, £1062.12.3.; for Bedford, £141.2.0.; for St. Mary's, Nottingham, £1043.14.2.; for St. Mary le Bone, £2865.5.; for Hulme, £83.17.6.; for Stockport, £764.5.6.; for Manchester, £3378.5.0½.; for Salford, £761.7.2.; for Liverpool, £2536 6.4. But it may serve still more accurately to mark the dissolution of morals, that we present the number of such cases in certain parishes. In the parish of Stroud, Gloucestershire, whose population is 7097, there now reside 67 mothers of illegitimate children who are of an age or in circumstances to be still chargeable on a poor-rate. In the parish of St. Cuthbert, Wells, with a population of 3024, there are 18 such mothers. In St. Mary's within Carlisle, a population of 9592, and 28 such mothers. In St. Cuthbert's within Carlisle, a population of 3884, and also 28 mothers of illegitimate children now on the parish. In Horsley, Gloucestershire, a population of 3565, and 29 illegitimate children regularly provided for. In St. Mary le Bone, the number of these children on the parish is 460. But it were endless to enumerate examples: and perhaps the far most impressive evidence that could be given of the woful deterioration which the Poor Laws of England are now working on the character of its people, is to be gathered, not from the general statements of a political arithmetic on the subject, but from the individual displays that are afforded either in parish vestries, or in the domestic habitations of the peasantry; the unblushing avowals of women, and their insolent demands, and the triumph of an imaginary right over all the tremors and delicacies of remorse, which may be witnessed at the one; and, in the other, the connivance of parents, and sisters, and natural guardians, at a prostitution now rendered creditable, because so legalized as at least to be rendered lucrative. Instances do occur, of females who have so many illegitimate children as to derive a competency from the positive allowance given for them by the parish.

There is a sensitive alarm sometimes expressed lest, on the abolition of legal charity, there should be no diminution of crime, while the unnatural mothers, deprived of their accustomed resource, might be tempted to relieve themselves by some dreadful perpetration. It might serve to quell this apprehension, and to prove how Nature hath provided so well for all such emergencies, as that she might safely be let alone, to consider the following plain but instructive narrative from the parish of Gratney, contiguous to England, and only separated from it by a small stream. The Rev. Mr. Morgan, its minister, writes me: "To females who bring illegitimate children into the world we give nothing. They are left entirely to their own resources. It is, however, a remarkable fact, that children of this description with us, are more tenderly brought up, better educated, and of course, more respectable and more useful members of society, than illegitimates on the other side of the Sark, who, in a great

many instances, are brought up solely at the expense of their parishes."

'The comparison of parishes lying together in a state of juxtaposition, and differing only in regimen, proves with what fearlessness a natural economy might be attempted; not, we admit, in reference to cases which already exist, but certainly in reference to all new cases and new applications. The simple understanding that, in future, there was to be no legal allowance for illegitimate children in a parish, would lay an instantaneous check on the profligate habits of its people. The action of shame, and prudential feeling, and fear from displeased because now injured and oppressed relatives, would be restored to its proper degree of intensity,—would be surely followed by a diminution of the crime. And as to any appalling consequences that might be pictured, on the event of crime breaking through all these restraints, for this too, Nature has so wisely and delicately balanced all the principles of the human constitution, that it is greatly better to trust her, than to thwart and interfere with her. She hath provided, in the very affection of the guilty mother for her hapless child, a stronger guarantee for its safety and its interest, than is provided by the expedients of law.' pp. 238—240.

The reformatory efficacy of *labour*, when made the inseparable condition of relief in the case of persons alleging a want of employment, is very strikingly illustrated in the Putney experiment. This expedient for discouraging pauperism, is strictly in unison with both the letter and the spirit of the law of Elizabeth. The objection to this mode of relief, which has been urged by our wise men, is, that it is unphilosophical. The want of employment, they argue, arises from the diminution of capital, which is the only fund for supporting labour; and you only add to the evil, by diverting what would go to increase that fund into the channel of parochial charity: you rob the honest labourer by finding employment, at a greater expense, for the pauper. The same specious but hollow reasoning has been urged against introducing labour into penitentiaries. It were a sufficient reply, that the moral benefit far outweighs the incidental disadvantage, whatever view we take of it. It might be added, that a deficiency of capital on the large scale, is not the reason, in all cases, of a temporary want of employment, though capital is admitted to be the only fund for employing labour. But, in point of fact, it has been found very possible to furnish employment, as well for the pauper as for the convict, without at all prejudicing the labourer. Two things should be kept in view. One is, that it should be the object of the vestry, not to employ the applicant for a continuance, but, while relieving the parish from the burden of his maintenance, to force him to seek employment for himself, by rendering it his interest to do so. The other

condition to be borne in mind, is, that the labour be performed by the piece, not by the day, and that the remuneration be below the average wages of ordinary labour in the neighbourhood. The employment of paupers as day-labourers on the roads, without any inspection, it is justly remarked, is worse than useless.

‘It confirms the paupers in their idle habits. It is little less than a sinecure appointment to men whose crime is laziness, and to whom compulsory labour would be the severest punishment. It is neither more nor less than an artificial and indirect, and at the same time a most expensive mode of maintaining them out of the poor-rates. Applying their labour to objects that do not require it, will indicate a degree of weakness and embarrassment on the part of a parish, at which they will rejoice; nor can a plan of supporting them without forcing them to an inconvenient degree of mental or bodily exertion, ever induce them to acquire those qualities which alone can recommend them to other masters.’ pp. 92, 3.

The success of the Putney experiment appears to have been complete. Upon introducing employment into the work-house, the Vestry witnessed the retirement of many whom neither their advice nor any other expedient they could devise, had been able to dislodge. It operated as a ‘marvellous charm,’ as Dr. Chalmers would say, on the minds of its inmates. The house was at the time crowded almost to suffocation, with paupers of all ages and characters,—a very castle of indolence; and the consequence was most distressingly visible in the morals and habits of the paupers. But, under the new regime,

‘Not many months elapsed before they found the house tenanted only by the legitimate objects of such an abode,—age, infirmity, and infancy; and they had then no difficulty in rendering it what they wished it to be, a wholesome, comfortable, and peaceful retreat for the old, and a school of morals and industry for the young.’

As the general result of the new system which has been adopted, it is stated, that, during the last year,

‘not an individual, capable of labour, was maintained at the parish expense; nor was an inhabitant known to become a beggar or a vagrant, or to have been brought into a court of justice on a felonious charge.’

As to the best method of relieving the out-door poor, there will be found many highly valuable suggestions, both in the Letter of the Vestryman, and scattered through Dr. Chalmers’s volume; but our limits will not admit of our entering into the details. The reduction of expenditure effected by many of the parishes under the Select Vestry system, has been owing in a

great measure to the vigilant and patient inquiry, discretion, and firmness, which have been called into exercise in this important branch of parochial administration. But, in the "Letter," we meet with this important remark.

'The practice of *arbitrarily lowering the rate of wages*, and supplying the difference out of the poor-rate, or of employing the poor as roundsmen, so grievously complained of in agricultural districts, *has never been attempted here.*'

It remains, therefore, to be seen, with what success a similar attempt to bring back the practice to the original principle, can be made in an agricultural parish, where the custom of mixing relief with wages has established itself. Perhaps, the present moment is not the most favourable for such an experiment; for though the farmer now pays less in money, both for wages and poor's rate, than he did, he has, in many cases, to pay more in wheat; and till the markets begin to 'look upward,' he would be found very indisposed to listen to any proposal for relieving the rate by higher wages. A very brief statement is given in Dr. Chalmers's volume, (p. 353.) of the manner of relieving the poor of White Waltham, Berks, which, had it been more explicit, would have been peculiarly instructive. In that parish, (comprising a population of 795,) the whole of the weekly pensioners, who were generally old and infirm, were taken off the parish books, and undertaken to be supported by private benevolence; the gentlemen and farmers voluntarily agreeing each to support a poor pensioner; or, where their occupations were small, several were joined together. The rate of expenditure was by this plan brought down to less than a sixth of the former average. Where the poor's rate falls almost entirely on farmers and land-holders, we have no doubt that, by a similar agreement, but extending to the families of all their respective labourers, the pauperism of the parish might be almost annihilated, and more hands be employed with an actual saving to the farmer. All that would be necessary in addition, would be, a common fund to meet the county rates, allowances to non-resident paupers, and other unavoidable expenses, and to set to work on the roads, or in other beneficial labour, the idle, wandering hands that are apt to find their way back to the parish in winter.

One word on the subject of alms-giving and private benevolence, and we have done. Throughout Dr. Chalmers's volume, it is represented, that legislation has, by assigning a legal provision for the poor, stifled the sympathy of the wealthier for the poorer classes, and sealed up the fountains of private benevolence. Pauperism, he says,

'has transformed the whole character of charity, by turning a matter of love into a matter of litigation; and so, has seared and shut many a heart out of which the spontaneous emanations of good-will would have gone plentifully forth among the abodes of the destitute. We know not how a more freezing arrest can be laid on the current of benevolence, than when it is met in the tone of a rightful, and perhaps indignant demand for that wherewith it was ready, on its own proper impulse, to pour refreshment and relief over the whole field of ascertained wretchedness. There is a mighty difference of effect between an imperative and an imploring application. The one calls out the jealousy of our nature, and puts us upon the attitude of surly and determined resistance. The other calls out the compassion of our nature, and inclines us to the free and willing movements of generosity. It is in the former attitude, that, under a system of overgrown pauperism, we now, generally speaking, behold the wealthy in reference to the working classes of England. They stand to each other in a grim array of hostility—the one thankless and dissatisfied, and stoutly challenging as his due, what the other reluctantly yields, and that as sparingly as possible. Had such been a right state of things, then pity would have been a superfluous feeling in our constitution, as its functions would have been nearly superseded by the operation of law and justice.' p. 58.

'The law has both augmented human want, and it has enfeebled human sympathy. After all, it has not so overtaken the field of indigence as to supersede the need of individual humanity, while, by its very nature, it has stifled the principle of humanity. Had there been no law of pauperism, the unimpaired economy and relative virtues of the people, would, on the one hand, have kept the territory of want within its proper limits; and, on the other hand, would there have been a more alert and vigilant benevolence in society for the discharge of that function which the legislature has so unfortunately taken into their own hands." pp. 227, 8.

Coming from Dr. Chalmers, these brilliant and well-intentioned misrepresentations will have a pernicious effect in misleading the public. What England was, when the law in question was first enacted, Ireland is now. There, in the unbridled mendicity of a starving population, may be seen how far the 'unimpaired economy and relative virtues' of the lower classes, are competent to keep the territory of want within its proper limits. Is it not astonishing that, with Ireland before him, Dr. Chalmers can charge the augmentation of want in this country on the English poor-laws? We repeat it, society is in every respect the gainer, morally, politically, and economically, by having pauperism substituted for mendicancy as the condition of its indigent population. The pauper, degraded as he may be, is less degraded than the mendicant. Society has less to fear from him, for his condition is less desperate: he is under restraints which lie not on the beggar, and he has more

to connect him with society. As to the tone of his demand, it is not more apt to assume the insolence of challenge and defiance, than that of the vagrant. And there is this remarkable difference between the two cases; that the one stands on his rights, and appeals to the laws as his protection, and it is therefore his interest not to forfeit their protection; while the other stands on his alleged necessities, and, owing nothing to the laws, is ready, when opportunity offers, to bid them defiance in enforcing his claims: in doing so, he but obeys the higher law of self-preservation.

But this is not the only flaw in Dr. Chalmers's statement. He writes as if there were in England no poor who are not paupers; as if the law of relief was designed to supersede altogether the exercise of individual benevolence. That that law may be made a pretence for disregarding the claims of the poor by the selfish and unfeeling, is very supposable; but no one in their senses can imagine that the parish pittance supersedes, in even the particular instances, the need of private benevolence. The poor have wants of which the law takes no cognizance. It gives their children bread: it does not pretend to give them either meat, clothing, or instruction. Surely here is room enough for private benevolence to expatiate. But pauperism has not yet absorbed the whole of the English poor. There is a large class, elevated in feeling above the parish pauper, but scarcely, if at all, above him in their means of comfort, who have the strongest claims on private benevolence. They are known to derive no aid from the parish, although they might as reasonably claim it as many others. Their wants are apparent, or may be concluded from the largeness of their family, the presence of disease in some of its members, or other sources of expense. Now these are the most proper and worthy objects of an alert and vigilant but secret benevolence. And there is an obvious policy to second, with regard to such poor, the dictates of humanity; because, by means of private relief, they may, perhaps, be withheld from passing the line of pauperism. It is the palpable interest of the wealthy, to keep every individual they can, off the parish. Many a poor man's family has thus been upheld; and, but for the detestable practice of mixing parochial relief with wages, thousands of families might have been saved from sinking into pauperism. But there are still the independent, respectable, and suffering poor, to whom the law holds out no relief, because they have not sunk to the level of indigence at which its relief begins to operate. Let not the law be held up as the cause that they are greatly neglected. It cannot form, in the mind of any rational person, the shadow of a reason for neglecting them;

nor can it furnish any apology for stifling with regard to them, the principle of humanity. These are not thankless and dissatisfied; they do not clamourously challenge our sympathy; and therefore, Dr. Chalmers has done very wrong in putting down to the account of the Poor Laws, the selfishness and inhumanity of the rich generally towards the working classes. The Legislature has *not* taken into its own hands the functions of benevolence: it has but cleared the way for their operation. The man who would dismiss an old servant to the parish, when he might by a trifling pension maintain him in an honourable dependence,—or who would refuse his aid to a poor neighbour, because there is the overseer for him to apply to,—such a man may possibly rank his poor-rates among his alms deeds, and his tithes among his religious doings; but he is not a man on whom any principle of humanity or religion would operate in the absence of compulsory enactments. It is not the law which has seared and shut his heart. He is to be dealt with only by appealing to his sordid interests or to his fears; and on the same principle on which he now pays his rate, he would give to the beggar, or to the highwayman; because he is compelled—and on no other.

Art. III. *Sabbaths at Home*: or a Help to their right Improvement: founded on the Forty-second and Forty-third Psalms. Intended for the Use of Pious Persons when prevented from attending the Public Worship of God. By Henry March. 8vo. pp. viii., 272. Price 7s. London, 1823.

NEITHER Augustine, nor Thomas à Kempis, nor Gregory Lopez, nor Fenelon, nor Guion, nor the French Jansenists, nor the English Puritans, nor Law, nor Rowe, will satisfy the taste or the judgement of well-informed Christians of the present day, who seek the aid of books in the closet for exciting and elevating the religious affections. Must it be granted, that the purity of Christian doctrine has rarely shone in the pages of those whom one must name first in the class of *devotional* writers? There are bright exceptions; but we think the affirmative is generally true. Many of these eminent persons lived in times when the light of truth was almost totally eclipsed. The orb still shewed a radiant nimbus in the heavens; but healthful light and heat were sensibly diminished. The voice of devotion was sepulchral;—its life was chilled by needless penury, its strength wasted in profitless labours, and, for the garment of praise, it was clad in the spirit of heaviness. Others of this class of writers have been too nearly surrounded

with the heated and acrid atmosphere of sectarianism, to escape the bad influence; or their manner has been rendered highly unpleasing, and, to modern ears, almost insufferable, by the prevalence of a trivial taste for antithesis or for far-fetched analogies. Of some who stand in the foremost rank on account of their elevation of soul or their genius, it must be allowed, that, while the genuineness of their piety is unquestionable, they were, in the properest sense of the term, enthusiasts. The stupendous revelations of Christianity seem as much to have frenzied their imaginations, as to have warmed their hearts. The tone of their expressions perpetually excites in the mind of the judicious reader, the apprehension of an approach towards fanaticism, or what we know not how otherwise to designate, than by the phrase—spiritual voluptuousness. When sensibilities, too acute to consist with soundness of mind, and perhaps recently torn away from some earthly attachment, are sublimed by strong religious impressions, the most pitiable perversions are to be feared; and any thing is to be expected, sooner than the joy, the sorrow, the peace, the love, the zeal, which are the proper fruits of the Spirit.

While speaking of writers from whom the devout Christian will seek spiritual direction, there is a name which must already have occurred to the recollection of the reader,—the name of Leighton. In fact, it was the name of Leighton, suggested to us by the perusal of the volume before us, which has led us to refer to the writers with whom he is often associated, and in comparison with whom his meek, pure, apostolic spirit will appear to great advantage. We have mentioned Leighton, not, indeed, with a view to institute a comparison between him and the Writer before us; for, even supposing the existence of the best grounds of comparison, it could not, in the present instance, be made with any fairness to the party at whose hazard it must be instituted. A work of this class is not to be judged of by picked paragraphs, but by the high, happy, and salutary impression left upon the mind, if rightly disposed, by the whole. Fine writing,—passages high-wrought for effect, lofty diction, the rhythm of words, or elaboration of any kind, the object of which is to gratify taste, would be miserably misapplied if made the vehicle of consolation or advice to the wounded spirit. Under the pressure of substantial affliction, nothing will reach or satisfy the heart, but the brief and perfectly artless expression of feelings of the *same class* with those which occupy the mind. None but a sufferer speaks comfort to a sufferer: none but a Christian sufferer, who has himself found consolation, can administer Christian consolation. The qualifications, therefore, of a spiritual ad-

viser, will be estimated, less by his intellectual gifts, or even by his natural wisdom, and the amenity of his temper, than by the elevation, the purity, the fervency, the humbleness of his personal character as a Christian who has himself been thoroughly '*exercised*' unto godliness.

By what we have said, we have wished to attract the especial attention of the pious reader to the volume before us. Its Author appears from the character of the book, to be eminently qualified, by the ardour of his mind, the fervency of his feelings, the soundness of his judgement, by personal experience in the only school of true wisdom, and by the discharge of the most difficult branch of pastoral duty, to enter the chamber of affliction, and to speak those words in due season, which, with a Divine influence, at once cheer and heal the troubled soul. He incites the mind, not to dote upon itself, but to look upward and forward to the great objects of Christian faith and hope. He is not one of those speakers of peace who make it their business to aid the worldly-minded professor, when scared by a sudden sickness, to draw from his past experience, vague, unsubstantial evidences, upon which to found the comfort and immunities of a state of grace. Of this kind of disguised antinomianism, the volume is entirely innocent. When the Author discriminates between the true and the false in religious character, it is not with the view of shewing *how little* of the true will serve to redeem much of the false, and make *all safe*, but to awaken a salutary alarm wherever the false and the true seem to be doubtfully balanced in the character.

On the principle that privileges are most highly prized during a temporary deprivation of them, Mr. March endeavours again and again to heighten his reader's estimation of the happiness and the advantages of public worship. The appointment of public worship is, he shews, not merely a recognition and a sanctioning of an essential principle of human nature—its social affections; but tends to give to these sympathies their highest perfection and most delightful exercise.

'Religion,' he remarks, 'makes no change in this principle of the human nature, but only gives it a new and high direction. That which was before only the intercourse of men, becomes the communion of saints—that spiritual fellowship which exists between real Christians, and which is certainly the noblest intercourse of rational and immortal beings with one another that can be known on this side the society of "the spirits of just men made perfect." The fellowship of a merely human friendship may be strong, where there is a likeness of disposition and of pursuit in the individuals associated; but since its aims and its plans are all bounded by earth, there

must necessarily be attached to it an unspeakable littleness and meanness, when compared with the sublime fellowship of holy minds, whose views stretch beyond the present world, and whose thoughts and converse have for their objects, things of infinite excellence and of eternal duration. And indeed, no ties known among men, whether those of kindred or affection, can possibly be so binding as well as lasting, as those which knit together the hearts of believers. "For by one Spirit are they all baptised into one body, and have been all made to drink into one Spirit. There is one body and one spirit, even as they are all called in one hope of their calling; one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in them all." Now, let the mind imagine an assembly of persons to whom these passages are applicable;—persons who, in addition to the sympathy of the human nature, are influenced by one Spirit; who trust, love, and obey one Lord; who have one Faith, believing in the same great, essential truths; and who are animated by one hope, having all the same delightful expectation of the external blessedness:—let the mind imagine an assembly of such persons employed in raising their hearts together in common supplication to the one Father and God of their salvation, through the one Mediator,—or in lifting up their united voices in adoration, thanksgiving, or praise,—and a picture will be beheld bearing the nearest possible earthly resemblance to the society of the blessed in Heaven! Who then shall wonder that David, passing by the recollections of private joys, should fix on the seasons when he went with the multitude to the House of God—with the multitude that kept holy-day, as the brightest and happiest of his life? In truth, the disposition of mind that he here discovered, proves that his religion was not only genuine in its nature, but exalted in its degree. Every where in the Scriptures we are taught that the delighting in the company of the saints—especially when associated for worship—is an eminent sign of grace. And in David, it is evident that this gracious disposition was so raised as to include in it that sublime love which embraces in its arms the whole church of God as one body, and which makes the interest and happiness of the body, to be cared for, or rejoiced in, as its own. This noble affection of the soul is a distinguished part of true religion, evidenced to be so both by its likeness to the mind of Christ, and by its being so opposite to the selfishness of depraved man, which is a corruption so strong within him as greatly to overcome even the social tendency. Hence pious persons of the more spiritual and elevated cast have always been remarkable for their fervent concern for, and love to the Universal Church;—while professors of a lower and more doubtful description have been *as* remarkable for the contrary. In *them*, Self, that enemy to all that is truly great and good, seems to be the chief prompter of their thoughts, and cares, and conversation; and *their own experience* to be nearly their all in all. How it fares with *the rest*, is to them a matter of little concern. In proof of this, they will *do*, and they will *give*, as little as possible to promote the general welfare of the Church, or the extension of Christ's kingdom upon

earth. How different were the feelings of David towards the Church: "Because of the House of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good." In the same Psalm he says, "They shall prosper that love thee." A great truth this, which is found ever to hold good. Hence the Selfists do not prosper. Their souls are lean; their spirits, sour; their voice, complaint. How can they love Zion, whose endless employment it is to hunt for faults in the Ministers of God, in religious societies, in other professors; and when they have found them, or fancied they have, to trumpet them abroad? They love not: but neither do they prosper. How righteous a retribution! But the temper of David was the temper of the Gospel: that temper to which it is the very design of the Gospel to reclaim men from the dominion of Self. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." But it is in social worship especially that this love is called into lively exercise—when heart mingles with heart, and the offering of many is as the offering of one. It is then that the soul hath its highest elevation, when it feels its own cares and affections forgotten in the nobler care and affection for the whole. Thus, by becoming little, it becomes really great; and triumphs in the consciousness of its oneness with the redeemed, mystical body.' pp. 77—80.

This volume is especially characterized by its constant inculcation of that spirit of Praise, which ought to be considered as the first and principal branch of Christian feeling.

'Oh, how excellent and lovely, how sublimely spiritual is the glorying in God of the holy Psalmist! His soul "made her boast in the Lord," and felt her selfish cares and sorrows, her lower aims and all her meaner joys absorbed in Him, beheld and adored "in the beauties of Holiness." "The Lord is great, and greatly to be praised: He is to be feared above all gods. Honour and Majesty are before Him: Strength and Beauty are in His Sanctuary. Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength. Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His Name:—bring an offering and come into his courts." How many come into His courts, but bring no offering! Not so David. A careful examination of his Psalms will shew that though, from his circumstances, he was often led to pour out his complaint before God, to tell his wants, and to beg relief and consolation,—yet, that the prime joy and glory of his soul was, to "go into His Tabernacle" that he might "worship at His footstool;" that there, "in the congregation of saints," he might fulfil that vow of his heart—"I will extol Thee, O God, my King, and I will bless thy name for ever and ever. I will speak of the glorious honour of thy Majesty, and of thy wondrous works." Certainly, of all the privileges vouchsafed to the redeemed on earth, not one is so exalted as that of giving glory to God in His Sanctuary. And be it observed, that to *this end* are they redeemed. "Ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's." And let it be considered how little honour the blessed God receives from His creatures

in this world ; and what abundant reason there was that our Saviour should teach us to pray, "Hallowed be thy Name." Sunk in selfishness and sin, they praise one another, and they praise themselves, but not the God who made them. If then the Lord of Life were not to receive a revenue of honour from his own servants, no offering would ascend to Him at all from our guilty world. Let the thought of this, while it serves to admonish and rebuke past omissions, kindle in the souls of the faithful an ardent flame of zeal to magnify the name of the Lord. Let this be the vow of each: The world forsake their Creator, dishonour his Sabbaths, and renounce his praise, "but as for me, I will come into thy House in the multitude of thy mercy ; and in thy fear will I worship toward thy Holy Temple." pp. 44—46.

We cannot extend our quotations ; but we recommend the volume with unqualified pleasure to the pious reader. We recollect no work of recent date, which we should think better suited to aid the Christian in his efforts to revive and rectify the religious affections, either in the closet, or in the chamber of affliction. The volume is divided into ten chapters, under the following titles. Desire. Mourning. Retrospection. Conflict. Anticipation. Expostulation. Reliance. Appeal. Intercession. Conquest. Each chapter is subdivided by three or four general observations, in which are condensed the prominent ideas contained in the verses which serve as the text ; and the chapter is closed with a meditation in the person of the reader, and sometimes with an original Hymn.

Art. IV. *Journal of a Voyage to the Northern Whale-Fishery* ; including Researches and Discoveries on the Eastern Coast of West Greenland, made in the Summer of 1822, in the Ship *Baffin*, of Liverpool. By William Scoresby, jun. F.R.S.E. M.W.S. &c. &c. Commander. 8vo. pp. 515. Edinburgh, 1823.

WE have never been more completely under the influence of astonishment at the recklessness with which men will cheerfully put their lives in jeopardy for an inducement altogether inadequate, than while reading Mr. Scoresby's account of the Arctic navigation. In almost every other form of human daring, there is some excitement from without, added to the common internal motive ; but, in the instance before us, there seems to be no other impulse than the feeling of danger overcome by energy and dexterity, in addition to the obvious attractions of increased pay and long intervals of safety and repose. Constantly surrounded with perils against which knowledge and skill are not always efficient guards ; exposed not only to the hazards and terrors of the ocean, but to the countless va-

ries of danger which the phenomena of the Frozen Sea present, we can conceive of nothing more dreary, nothing more appalling, than the existence of a seaman engaged in the Greenland trade. The drift-ice, impelled by a strong wind, may sink his vessel in an instant. Entangled among fields and floes, in hazy weather, he is in constant apprehension that the closing masses may crush the timbers of his ship. There is, moreover, an uncertainty in the movements of these enormous bodies, which frequently baffles his calculations, and renders the manœuvre on which he relied for extrication, the cause of increased jeopardy. Assuredly, then, we can fully believe, that the feelings of the captains of whalers, when they break through the last barriers of ice, and fairly leave behind them this scene of intricacy, anxiety, and ever-imminent danger, are of no ordinary kind; though we should fear that comparatively few would experience the same emotions of pious gratitude which Mr. Scoresby never fails to express on occasions of providential deliverance.

In his former publication, Mr. S. collected and condensed an important and most interesting variety of information respecting the Arctic regions. Still maintaining the character of an intelligent and scientific observer, he now claims the applause due to the discoverer, or rather the enterprising and accurate re-discoverer of lands long reported inaccessible, and of which the outline has hitherto been obscurely and incorrectly defined. A long line of indented shore between the parallels of 69 and 75 has, through his exertions, been ascertained by actual survey; and the hazardous presumptions of former hydrographers, have been removed from the chart of the Hyperborean Sea. It will be in the recollection of our readers, that, so far back as the tenth century, the eastern coasts of Greenland were colonized by settlers from Norway.

‘The colonies are stated by Crantz, and others, to have extended from Cape Farewell, the southern point of Greenland, five or six degrees of latitude towards the north, both on the east and west side of the country. About sixteen churches are mentioned as having been built on these coasts. Crantz informs us, that there were nineteen bays or inlets, that were inhabited on the east side. On these were planted a hundred and ninety farms or hamlets, constituting twelve parishes, with the Bishop’s see, and two convents. And, on the west side, it appears that there were nine cultivated inlets, on which ninety, or, as some say, one hundred and ten hamlets were built, that constituted four parishes.’—Preface, p. xxi.

About the year 1408, the communications between the colony and the mother country ceased; and considerable uncertainty

still hangs over the causes which led to this disastrous event. It has been supposed, that it could have been occasioned by nothing short of the extermination of the settlers; and this has been variously attributed to the inroads of the Skräellings (native savages), or the ravages of that remarkable pestilence, known by the appalling name of the *Black Death*, which depopulated the countries of Europe in the fourteenth century. The general opinion, however, seems to have been, that this cessation of intercourse was compelled by the accumulation of the ice on the eastern shores of Greenland; and it appears to be confirmed by the ineffectual attempts which have been since made, at intervals, to penetrate the frozen barrier. The most urgent inquiry which arises out of these facts and inferences, relates to the present circumstances of the settlements. Are the descendants of the colonists still in existence, or have the consequences of their seclusion from European commerce and support, been fatal? Capt. Scoresby has opened the way to the complete solution of this important question, and it will, doubtless, ere long, be set entirely at rest, either by himself, or by some official expedition.

The voyage which gave the opportunity for these important discoveries, took place in 1822. On the 27th of March, Mr. Scoresby sailed from Liverpool in the ship *Baffin*, built under his own inspection for the Northern whale-fishery, and on the 14th of April, he came in contact with the ice in the unusually low latitude $64^{\circ} 30'$. This first obstacle was easily broken through; but more difficult and perilous circumstances awaited the voyagers. On several occasions, these are strongly described in language which not only expresses the extreme dangers which beset the navigators, but the intense and even gratifying emotion communicated by the excitement of the mental and bodily powers to their full stretch.

‘ Most of the masses of drift-ice, among which we had to force a passage, were at least twenty times the weight of the ship, and as hard as some kinds of marble; a violent shock against some of them might have been fatal. But the difficulties and intricacies of such situations, affording exercise for the highest possible exertion of nautical skill, are capable of yielding, to the person who has the management of a ship, under such circumstances, a degree of enjoyment, which it would be difficult for navigators, accustomed to mere common-place operations, duly to appreciate. The ordinary management of a ship, under a strong gale, and with great velocity, exhibits evolutions of considerable elegance; but these cannot be comparable with the navigation in the intricacies of floating-ice, where the evolutions are frequent, and perpetually varying,—where manœuvres are to be accomplished, that extend to the very limits of possibility,—

and where a degree of hazard attaches to some of the operations, which would render a mistake of the helm, or a miscalculation of the powers of a ship, irremediable and destructive.' pp. 46, 47.

Mr. Scoresby employed the seasons of unavoidable inaction, in scientific pursuits. On one occasion, while the ship was inextricably beset with ice, he undertook a series of important experiments on the polarization of steel. The processes by which Capt. S. succeeded in developing a very high degree of magnetic power by percussion, are clearly described in the volume; and the satisfactory results from simple means, shew the facility with which an efficient substitute for a compass may be constructed from a penknife, a pair of scissors, or even from an iron nail, suspended by a thread. Circumstances frequently occur, in which the most injurious consequences arise from accidents, irreparable but by some such plan as that now suggested. Lightning has been known sometimes to destroy, and sometimes to invert the polarity of the magnet. When vessels founder at sea, it frequently happens that, in the hurry and confusion of taking to the boats, the compass is forgotten. In all cases of this kind, any conveniently proportioned mass of iron or steel will, by simply hammering it while held in a vertical position on any hard substance, acquire sufficient magnetism for nautical direction. The experiments of Capt. Scoresby were varied and repeated: by hammering soft steel, held vertically on an iron bar in the same position, in combination with other methods of increasing the magnetic force, he succeeded in manufacturing a compound magnet of great power. For practical purposes, however, simple percussion is quite sufficient.

After having, in search of whales, unsuccessfully explored the northern ocean as high as $80^{\circ}.34'$, Mr. S. determined on trying a lower latitude in the direction of the 'West Land.' The whales are either capricious or cunning; they seem to frequent particular stations for certain periods, and when driven from them, either by scarcity of food, or by the pursuit of man, they retire to others where it requires a long search to detect them. Baffin's Bay is in disrepute at present, on account of the heavy losses in shipping which have been sustained there of late years, and the Spitzbergen fishery has been the favourite resort of the whalers. Subsequently to the season of 1814, however, the higher latitudes became less productive. But, though the principal exertions were made in a more southerly direction, there were difficulties in the way of decided and protracted efforts, which rendered them but partially successful. Those ships which have been able to penetrate the ice, and approach the eastern coast of Greenland, have ob-

tained the best cargoes. In fact, had it not been for the discovery of the 'southern fishery,' the Greenland trade would probably have been discontinued; nor is the new station as yet sufficiently investigated to warrant any thing beyond conjecture as to its future productiveness. Whether it be always accessible, or whether the present channel between the ice and the shore be accidental and temporary, and, in either case, how far it may extend, are points not yet ascertained. The greatest destruction of shipping, and the most tragical events which have taken place in the Greenland fishery, have occurred when vessels have been beset by the ice, and forced upon this coast; and hence had very naturally arisen strong apprehensions of danger, and a prudential avoidance of so hazardous a navigation. The present opinion of experienced men is much more favourable; but, before the questions which we have just put, can be satisfactorily answered, several more seasons must elapse.

Having run along the western edge of the icy barrier for a considerable distance, and having reached $75^{\circ}.43' N.$, the *Baffin* entered the ice where appearances were favourable, followed by only one of nine or ten ships which were on the spot. The hazards of such a situation soon began to press around the vessel; but the repeated sight of 'fish' justified the forecast of her enterprising Commander. One was caught, and another fell a prey to the harpoons of the other whaler, a foreigner. A tantalizing scene occurred at this time. Capt. Scoresby is a decidedly religious character, and acts up to his profession with a firmness and decision which are highly honourable to him. He hallows his sabbaths, and on those days will not allow the pursuits of any but indispensable avocations. In his present situation, he was surrounded by whales, and the *Altona* trader had all her boats in chace; while such was the impatience of his own men, that he was 'obliged to run the ship 'out of the way.' On the following day, a 'good prize' was secured.

'On the 7th of June, such finely marked ice-blinks appeared in the atmosphere, in connection with the horizon, as to present a perfect map of all the ice and openings of water for twenty or thirty miles round. The reflection was so strong and definite, that I could readily determine the figure and probable extent of all the fields and floes within this limit, and could distinguish packed or open ice, by its duller and less yellow image; while every vein and lake of water, producing its marked reflection by a deep blue, or bluish-black patch, amid the ice-blinks, enabled me to ascertain where the most water lay, and the nature of the obstacles that intervened. By this means only, I discovered a large opening immediately to the north-westward

of the lake we had so long navigated, with a considerable expanse in the same direction, at a greater distance, bounded by sheets of ice that appeared to be of prodigious magnitude. This induced me to examine the ice very closely in this quarter, when, in the very spot marked by the blink as being the narrowest, the ice was found to be in the act of opening, so as to permit our passing through towards the north-west. At the extremity of the first opening, or lake, there was a compact barrier of floes, wherein, however, after a few hours detention, we discovered a narrow dubious channel, that eventually conducted us into the expanse of water pointed out by reflection in the atmosphere.' p. 80.

The next day, in latitude $74^{\circ} 6'$, the eastern coast of Greenland was discovered. Capt. S. gazed on it with 'intense interest,' and with the hope of landing 'on some of its picturesque crags, where European foot had never trod.' The northmost point of the coast now seen, was in the latitude usually assigned to Gale Hamkes's land; but the longitude, as accurately calculated by Capt. Scoresby, differs from the vague estimate of the best charts, about *seven degrees*, and from the strange blundering of the charts published for the use of the whale-ships, not less than *820 miles of longitude*, or nearly *fourteen degrees*! The weather was fortunately so favourable as to permit observations for the longitude of the most satisfactory kind, which, observes Mr. S.,

'enabled me to ascertain the exact effect, in a particular case, of the extraordinary refractive property of the atmosphere in the Arctic Seas, which, without such proofs, would scarcely have been credible. The coast that has just been described, is in general so bold, as to be distinctly visible in the ordinary state of the atmosphere, at the distance of sixty miles; but on my last voyage into these regions, one part of this coast was seen, when at more than double this distance. The particulars were these:—Towards the end of July 1821, being among the ice in latitude $74^{\circ} 10'$, and longitude, by lunar observation and chronometer, (which agreed to twenty-two minutes of longitude, or within six geographical miles,) $12^{\circ} 30' 15''$ W., land was seen from the mast-head to the westward, occasionally, for three successive days. It was so distinct and bold, that Captain Manby, who accompanied me on that voyage, and whose observations are already before the public, was enabled, at one time, to take a sketch of it from the deck, whilst I took a similar sketch from the mast-head, which is preserved in my journal of that year. The land at that time nearest to us was Wollaston Foreland, which, by my late surveys, proves to lie in latitude $74^{\circ} 25'$ (the middle part of it), and longitude $19^{\circ} 50'$: the distance, therefore, must have been at least 120 miles. But Home's Foreland, in 21° W. longitude, distinguished by two remarkable hummocks at its extremities, was also seen; its distance, by calculation, founded on astronomical observations, being 140 geographical, or 160 English miles. In an or-

ordinary state of the atmosphere (supposing the refraction to be one-twelfth of the distance), any land to have been visible from a ship's mast-head, an hundred feet high, at the distance of 140 miles, must have been at least two nautical miles, or 12,000 feet in elevation; but as the land in question is not more than 3500 feet in altitude, (by estimation,) there must have been an extraordinary effect of refraction equal to 8500 feet. Now, the angle corresponding with an altitude of 8500 feet, and a distance of 140 miles, is $34^{\circ} 47''$, the value of the extraordinary refraction, at the time the land was thus seen; or, calculating in the proportion of the distance, which is the most usual manner of estimating the refraction, it amounted to one-fourth of the arch of distance, instead of one-twelfth, the mean quantity.

' That land was seen under these circumstances there cannot be a doubt; for it was observed to be in the same position, and under a similar form, on the 18th, 23d, 24th, and 25th July 1821, when the ship was in longitude from $12^{\circ} 30'$, to $11^{\circ} 50' W$, and on the 23d it remained visible for twenty-four hours together; and though often changing its appearance, by the varying influence of the refraction, it constantly preserved a uniformity of position, and general similarity of character. In my journal of this day, I find I have observed, that my doubts about the reality of the land were now entirely removed, since, with a telescope, from the mast-head, "hills, dells, patches of snow, and masses of naked rock, could be satisfactorily traced, during four and twenty hours successively." This extraordinary effect of refraction, therefore, I conceive to be fully established.' pp. 106—108.

The wary and accurate habits of this intelligent observer, place the correctness of these facts beyond dispute. Other curious instances of the effects of refraction are described, and several of the plates represent some of the most singular phenomena. The level ice in the distance assumed at such times the most grotesque forms: towers, spires, and minarets rose on the horizon, and, in many places, were reflected in the atmosphere at several minutes elevation. When the coast view was under the influence of unequal refraction, the effects were extremely singular: they frequently present the aspect

' of an extensive ancient city, abounding with the ruins of castles, obelisks, churches, and monuments, with other large and conspicuous buildings. Some of the hills often appear to be surmounted with turrets, battlements, spires, and pinnacles; while others, subjected to another kind of refraction, exhibit large masses of rock, apparently suspended in the air, at a considerable elevation above the actual termination of the mountains to which they refer. The whole exhibition is frequently a grand and interesting phantasmagoria. Scarcely is the appearance of any object fully examined and determined, before it changes into something else. It is, perhaps, alternately a castle, a cathedral: or an obelisk: then expanding and coalescing

with the adjoining mountains, it unites the intermediate valleys, though they may be miles in width, by a bridge of a single arch of the most magnificent appearance.' pp. 166, 7.

When vessels were in sight, they assumed the most grotesque appearances. The hulls were expanded into castles, or the sails lengthened into columns; the image, sometimes doubled, was seen in the air inverted; and on one occasion, writes Captain Scoresby, when

'the night was beautifully fine, and the air quite mild, the atmosphere, in consequence of the warmth, being in a highly refractive state, a great many curious appearances were presented by the land and icebergs. The most extraordinary effect of this state of the atmosphere, however, was the distinct inverted image of a ship in the clear sky, over the middle of the large bay or inlet before mentioned,—the ship itself being entirely beyond the horizon. Appearances of this kind I have before noticed, but the peculiarities of this were,—the perfection of the image, and the great distance of the vessel that it represented. It was so extremely well defined, that when examined with a telescope by Dollond, I could distinguish every sail, the general "rig of the ship," and its particular character; insomuch that I confidently pronounced it to be my father's ship, the *Fame*, which it afterwards proved to be:—though, on comparing notes with my father, I found that our relative position at the time gave our distance from one another very nearly thirty miles, being about seventeen miles beyond the horizon, and some leagues beyond the limit of direct vision. I was so struck by the peculiarity of the circumstance, that I mentioned it to the officer of the watch, stating my full conviction that the *Fame* was then cruising in the neighbouring inlet.' pp. 189, 90.

June 20th was a day of calamity. Whales were seen; the boats were despatched in pursuit, but without success; and when the last two returned, it was found that one of the harpooners, 'a fine, active fellow,' was drowned. He had struck a fish, and was stooping to adjust the line which had been drawn out of its place, when at this moment his arm became entangled, and he was instantaneously drawn under the water. The only man of the boat's crew, who actually witnessed the circumstance, 'observed, that it was so exceedingly quick, that although his eye was upon him at the instant, he could scarcely distinguish the object as it disappeared.' This unfortunate event marred the whole business. The fish which might have been secured, escaped, and others which appeared of easy seizure, succeeded in getting away; while several ships within sight were observed to make captures, and one foreign vessel hoisted the mortifying signal of a '*full ship*.'

On the 23rd they were more fortunate, and obtained a 'valuable prize.'

July 24th was the date of Capt. Scoresby's first landing on this dreary coast, hitherto unknown to Europeans. The landscape was interesting only to scientific observers, but evidences of occasional residence were found in Esquimaux huts and fragments of rude manufacture. Similar traces were remarked at other places where the boats were sent on shore; and at one spot, they discovered the remains of a hamlet, consisting of the regular Esquimaux excavations, with underground passages in the declivity of the elevation on which the huts were constructed. Graves and human bones were found in the vicinity. Near the dwellings, the ground was luxuriantly covered with grass; and at some distance inland, were considerable tracts 'of as fine meadow land as could be seen in England.' Mr. Scoresby, in the true spirit of a virtuoso, complains heavily, that the sailors, having succeeded in lighting a fire, cooked and devoured sundry fine specimens of ducks, partridges, &c., instead of preserving them as scientific specimens. He was much assisted in his explanations by his father, and by Capt. Lloyd, of the *Trafalgar*.

Having quitted the immediate neighbourhood of the coast in quest of whales, without success, it was resolved by the captains of the three vessels, to stand again in shore, which gave a fresh opportunity for observation. In one of his excursions, Mr. Scoresby was in considerable danger. He had scrambled up a chasm between two 'prodigious pinnacles,' with the soil and stones giving way at every step he took.

'At the top, I expected to find at least some portion of flat surface that I hoped would repay me by its productions, for the hazardous exploit into which my anxiety for specimens of minerals, plants, and animals, had unexpectedly betrayed me. But, to my surprise, the top proved to be a ridge (with the sea on both sides) narrower and sharper than the top of the highest pitched roof. Here I rested for a few minutes, seated on the ridge, with a leg over each side, pointed to the water, under two terrific vertical pinnacles, between two and three hundred feet in elevation. These actually vibrated with the force of the wind, and appeared altogether so shattered and unstable, that it was astonishing how they remained erect. I was far from being at ease in such a threatening situation, and therefore made a hasty retreat, by sliding down the side opposite to that by which I had ascended, a good deal rejoiced to find that this, being less steep, and not so dangerously interrupted by precipices, afforded a much safer descent than the other.' p. 250.

On the night of the 12th of August, the ships were in circumstances of extreme peril. The *Baffin* and the *Fame* were

extricated by admirable seamanship, by crowding canvas in a heavy gale; but the *Trafalgar* was embayed by one erroneous manœuvre, and in the morning was closely beset. It was by a striking interposition of Divine Providence, that Capt. Scoresby was enabled to extricate his ship. He had retired to rest after a most exhausting day, and started from a perturbed slumber on perceiving—such is the effect of habitual vigilance—that the vessel was twice tacked within five minutes; and by his personal directions and efforts, the whole of their subsequent manœuvres were regulated. On this promptitude turned, possibly the personal safety of the crew, certainly the ultimate success of the voyage, since the delay of a few minutes more would have endangered the whole.

After a cruize thus marked by disaster, disappointment, enterprise, and partial success, Captain Scoresby resolved on persevering in this quarter, the only one where a possibility of further acquisition remained, until the latest period of the season. In this determination he was partly influenced by the situation of the *Fame* and the *Trafalgar*, both 'beset' in his immediate neighbourhood. He was amply rewarded for his resolution, by encountering, on the 15th of August, a 'run of fish,' of which his harpooners struck five, and captured three: their united value was not less than £2,100, thus, exultingly writes Capt. S., raising 'us at once to the level of the most successful fishers of the season.' In the meantime, the *Fame* and the *Trafalgar* escaped, but too late to share in the 'run;' the latter had been in great danger. The perils of the voyage had not, however, yet ceased, and on the 23rd of August, a heavy gale placed the ship in circumstances of imminent hazard. Several icebergs drove directly towards the vessel. The first

'passed within a few feet of the rudder; and, when at a very little distance, divided into two, and both parts upset with a terrible commotion. Had it broken against the ship, its effects might have been destructive. The fragility of icebergs, at this season, is well known, and their liability to break and turn over, quite notorious. In the summer of 1821, the captain of a whaler that had been wrecked in Baffin's Bay, wishing to make himself useful in the ship that he had fled to for refuge, offered to assist in fixing an anchor in an ice-berg, to which it was expedient that the ship should be made fast. He was accompanied by a sailor to the berg, and began to make a hole for the reception of the ice-anchor; but almost the first blow that he struck with the axe, occasioned an instantaneous rent of the mass of ice through the middle, and the two portions fell in opposite directions. The captain, aware of his danger, the instant the ice began to move, ran up the division on which he was situated, in the contrary direction of its revolution, and fortunately succeeded in balanc-

ing himself on the changeable summit until it attained an equilibrium. But his companion fell between the two masses, and would probably have been instantly crushed or suffocated, had not the efflux of water, produced by the rising of the submerged parts of the ice, hurried him from between them, almost alongside of a boat that was waiting near the place.' pp. 300, 1.

Two others came in contact with the Baffin; the first without doing any injury, and the latter with but slight damage. The scene which followed, was of a most alarming kind; and, but for its extreme length, we would cite the whole passage as a striking example of coolness, skill, and perseverance. The ship was moored to a 'floe,' or large sheet of ice, of defined, though extensive dimensions; and two others made their appearance, bearing down upon her from different quarters. To prevent their first crush, a large piece of ice was, by means of a hawser, warped into such a situation as to interpose between the masses on their approximation; and the last mentioned iceberg having 'placed itself across the bows,' apparently presented an additional security. All these arrangements were, however, rendered ineffectual by a sudden and unforeseen change in the motion of the floes. The iceberg was thrust back upon the vessel, forcing it upon a 'broad tongue, or shelf' 'under water,' of the floe, until she was fairly a-ground upon the ice.

'When the pressure ceased, we found that the ship had risen six or eight feet forward, and about two feet abaft.

'The floe on the starboard side was about a mile in diameter, and forty feet in thickness, having a regular wall-side of solid ice, five feet in height above the sea; on the tongue of this the ship was grounded. The iceberg on the larboard side was about twenty feet high, and was in contact with the railing at the bows, and with the gun-wale and channel-bends amidships. This berg was connected with a body of floes to the westward, several leagues in breadth. The only clear place was directly astern, where a small interstice and vein of water was produced, by the intervention of the bergs. Any human exertion for our extrication, from such a situation, was now in vain; the ship being firmly cradled upon the tongues of ice, which sustained her weight. Every instant we were apprehensive of her total destruction, but the extraordinary disposition of the ice beneath her, was the means of her preservation. The force exerted upon the ship, to place her in such a situation, must evidently have been very violent. Two or three sharp cracks were heard at the time the ship was lifted, and a piece of plank, which proved to be part of the false keel, was torn off and floated up by the bows; but no serious injury was yet discovered. Our situation, however, was at this time almost as dangerous and painful, immediate hazard of our lives excepted, as possible. Every moment threatened us with shipwreck; while the raging

of the storm,—the heavy bewildering fall of sleet and snow,—and the circumstance of every man on board being wet to the skin, rendered the prospect of our having to take refuge on the ice most distressing. Our only hope of safety in such a calamity, was the supposed proximity of the *Fame*. Yet we well knew that she must also be in danger; and, perhaps, in a situation as bad as our own.'

* * * * *

'We remained in this state of anxiety and apprehension about two hours. On the one hand, we feared the calamity of shipwreck; on the other, in case of her preservation, we looked forward to immense difficulties, before the ship so firmly grounded could be got afloat. While I walked the deck under a variety of conflicting feelings, produced by the anticipation of probable events, and under the solemnizing influence natural to a situation of extreme peril, I was suddenly aroused by another squeeze of the ice, indicated by the cracking of the ship and the motion of the berg, which seemed to mark the moment of destruction. But the goodness of the ALMIGHTY proved better to us than our fears. This renewed pressure, by a singular and striking providence, was the means of our preservation. The nip took the ship about the bows, where it was received on a part rendered prodigiously strong by its arched form, and the thickness of the interior "fortifications." It acted like the propulsion of a round body squeezed between the fingers, driving the ship astern, and projecting her clear of all the ice, fairly afloat, with a velocity equal to that of her first launching !

'Fortunately the ropes and anchors held until her stern-way was overcome. As soon as she was brought up, our attention was instantly turned to more dangers; and our previous state of anxious inaction instantly gave place to the most persevering and vigorous exertions for our preservation.' pp. 305—8.

Behind them was a clear 'vein' of water; but the ice was rapidly closing in, and every thing depended on dropping* to leeward with sufficient velocity, since there was no room to swing the ship round so as to get under way. Not a moment was to be lost; and if the ropes or anchors had given way under the strain, wreck was nearly certain. The two nearest points were cleared at the moment when they had closed within two or three feet of the ship's breadth. In five minutes afterwards,

* 'To drop a ship is a nautical phrase, expressive of the operation of removing under the simple action of the wind, by veering out the ropes by which the ship is moored. Thus, in the present example, the wind, blowing directly down the channel betwixt the two floes where the ship was moored, forced her to leeward along the channel, whenever the ropes were slacked.' p. 308.

they dashed together, forcing up under the tremendous pressure some hundreds of tons of ice. Before the rope and hawsers could be disengaged, two other points of the revolving ice appeared astern, rapidly approaching each other.

‘ Remaining where we were, though but for five minutes, was inevitable shipwreck ; and to trust to the strength of a warp of five inches circumference, the only mooring rope we had now at command, afforded but small hope of a better fate ; for, in the event of the ship breaking adrift, as there was not breadth between the floes to swing, she must fall astern with such a shock against the ice, as could scarcely fail to be destructive. Possible safety, however, was preferred to certain destruction. We now slacked astern by the warp fastened to the second hawser, which, to our astonishment and delight, sustained the prodigious strain ; and although it was not capable of bringing the ship up, yet it so far resisted her velocity, that at the moment when it came to an end, a hawser, that was meanwhile hauled on board, was fastened to another anchor placed for its attachment, whereby the motion astern was suspended. On this occasion, we again escaped the nip by only three or four feet, and the floes came in contact with unabated violence, scarcely a ship's length ahead. But more and more approximating points appearing astern, we dropped the ship the whole length of our last hawser, with the hope of avoiding them ; but it only carried us clear of the first. We were then brought to a stand : for the other hawsers and warp, forming a continuous line of 700 yards in length, got entangled, and nipped by the floes, so that we were under the necessity of slipping the end and fastening it to the ice. As we had now no rope left of sufficient strength with which to shift the hawser, our progress would have been suspended, and our previous exertions rendered nugatory, had we not brought into use a small mooring chain that was fortunately at hand. Before the hawser was again fastened, however, the hook of the chain broke, and the ship was entirely adrift. But it providentially happened, that the people who were on the ice, having seized upon the end of the hawser, were enabled to cast it over an anchor that an officer was engaged in setting, at the very last moment that could have served for our preservation ! The severe strain to which this hawser was subjected, broke one of its strands, and called for the instant renewal of the chain. This was a most narrow escape ; but there was another that succeeded, which was equally striking. When slacking astern by the hawser, the ship swung alongside the eastern floe into a little bight, and the rudder unfortunately caught behind a point which projected some feet to windward. The floes were so nearly close, that we had not time to heave ahead, had this measure been practicable under such a storm. We were in a state of extreme jeopardy. One of the after-sails was instantly loosed, and hauled over to the starboard quarter ; the action of this, happily coinciding with a momentary diminution of the wind, when the tension of the ropes drew the ship ahead, turned her stern clear

of the point. We instantly slacked astern and dropped beyond this danger. pp. 309—311.

Other obstacles of equal magnitude were overcome by the same skill and perseverance, though many of the manœuvres were effected by means of a doubtful chain and a stranded rope, the wind blowing such a hurricane that a speaking-trumpet would scarcely carry the voice from the companion to the windlass. The narrow channel down which the *Baffin* dropped, was a mile in length, and there was not in it a single interval where a delay of ten minutes would not have caused the ship to be crushed to splinters. The floes between which she was entangled, were in a state of counter-revolution, grinding against each other in opposite directions, like a pair of cogged wheels; nor was any respite obtained until their rotatory motion had ceased.

We have little room for comment on the general results of this interesting voyage; nor, in fact, does any seem called for beyond the general statements which we have given. Mr. Scoresby has made a regular survey of a large extent of unknown coast; he has examined its productions, mineral, vegetable, and animal; he has proved at least its occasional accessibility; and he has ascertained the existence of human residents, as well as the probable dissimilarity of some of their habits from those of the Esquimaux.

We have still to add to the detail of disaster, an event which took place towards the close of the voyage. After having, on the 30th of August, passed through the 'sea-stream' of ice, and spread their canvas joyously for their homeward course, on the 11th of September, the *Baffin's* crew were exposed, on a lee-shore, to a fearful storm; 'by far the heaviest,' writes Captain Scoresby, 'I ever encountered.'

'No water had yet been shipped, though the tremendous sea that was running, was received upon the ship's quarter, or beam, being in a direction of all others the most dangerous. A fatal wave, however, at length struck the quarter, with tremendous violence, and throwing up a vast weight of water, carried along with it, in its passage across the deck, one of our harpooners, or principal officers (who, along with several others, was employed on the weather-rail endeavouring to secure one of the boats hanging over the side) quite over the heads of his companions, and swept him overboard! Most of the crew being under water at the same time, his loss was not known until he was discovered just passing under the ship's stern, but out of reach, and lying apparently insensible upon the wave. He was only seen for a few seconds, and then disappeared for ever.

'For some minutes, it was not known who the sufferer was. Every one was greatly distressed; and each, in his anxious exclamations, re-

vealed his fears for his friend. "It is Shields, Jack," cries one. "No," replies a voice of feeling self-congratulation, "I am here."—"It is Jack O'Neill," exclaims another;—"Aye, poor fellow,—it is Jack O'Neill." But a dripping stupor-struck sailor, clinging by the weather-rail, comes aft at the moment, and replies, "No, I am here." After a pause of suspense, one adds, "It is Chambers."—"Ah! it must be Sam Chambers," cries another; and no voice contradicted the assertion,—for his voice, poor sufferer, was already choked with the waters, and his spirit had fled to meet its God! Happily he was an excellent man; and there was no doubt with those who knew his habitual piety, and consistency of conduct, that he was prepared to die. His conduct, in every case, was worthy of his profession; and was a sufficient proof, if such proof could be necessary, that religion, when real, gives confidence and courage to the sailor, rather than destroys his hardihood and bravery. He was always one of the foremost in a post of danger, and met with his death in an exposed situation, to which duty called, where he had voluntarily posted himself.

pp. 375—377.

The conclusion of the journal is most affecting. When Captain Scoresby reached port, he was stunned by the unexpected news of the death of his beloved wife. Our readers will be at no loss to conceive how so severe a blow would affect a man such as these pages have described.

Art. V. *Matins and Vespers*: with Hymns and occasional Devotional Pieces. By John Bowring. Foolscep 8vo. pp. 256. Price 6s. London. 1823.

MR. Bowring's elegant and spirited translations from the Russian and the Spanish, entitle him to a higher rank among the poets of the day, than he would have obtained by his original compositions. The public are under obligations to him for having enlarged the range of our literature, by the new province of which he has, as it were, taken possession in the name of his country. He has struck out a new path for literary enterprise; and though the field upon which he has entered, is a very limited one, his importations are of a highly interesting character. Mr. Bowring's talents seem to qualify him more especially to succeed in poetical translation. He has great facility and command of language, great dexterity of imitation, and versatility of mind, together with no small portion of poetic feeling. But the instances are very rare, in which an able translator has distinguished himself as an original poet. The habit, and perhaps the turn of mind, required and exercised in translation, is not favourable to the cultivation of the self-dependent power of thinking and the native sources

of poetic emotion. Pope can scarcely be admitted to be an exception, for his *Iliad* is an original poem, rather than a translation. As a translation, it is a failure. The Author of the best poetical version in the English language, the Translator of Dante, is unknown as an original poet; and from the heaviness of his prose, we should not expect him to succeed in a different walk of composition. To excel as an engraver, requires genius, not less than to succeed as a painter, but genius of a different kind; and so it is with respect to poetical transcripts of the designs of others. The translator, like the engraver, deservedly ranks as an artist; and when we consider how extremely few are the instances of success in this species of composition, we can scarcely consider as inferior, though confessedly different, the talent which the art requires.

The present volume is of that mixed character which belongs equally to the departments of poetry and theology. Its Author would not be satisfied, nor could we satisfy ourselves, were we to treat it simply as poetry. These Hymns, he tells us,

'were not written in the pursuit of fame or literary triumph. They are full of borrowed images, of thoughts and feelings excited less by my own contemplations than by the writings of others. I have not sought to be original. To be useful is my ambition—that obtained, I am indifferent to the rest.'

In reviewing works of taste, it is a rule which we are not aware that we can be accused of violating, to know nothing of the Author's private sentiments, either political or religious, beyond what appears in his performance. And had not Mr. Bowring come before us as a hymn-writer, we should not have felt it to be our business to take cognizance of his theological opinions. But, in this volume, he stands prominently forward as the poet of Unitarianism; and its literary merits become a quite subordinate consideration, when we view it as the anomalous product and rare specimen of Unitarian devotion. The impression it has left on our minds, is painfully decisive. Before, however, we offer any remarks on these compositions, we shall enable our readers to judge of them by a few specimens.

The *Matins* and *Vespers* consist of a series of morning and evening hymns, or addresses to the Deity, for four weeks; each week being a different season. We take the following from the first week: it is headed, 'Tuesday Morning.'

'When the arousing call of Morn
Breaks o'er the hills, and day new born
Comes smiling from the purple East,

And the pure streams of liquid light
Bathe all the earth—renew'd and bright,
Uprising from its dream of rest—

* O how delightful then, how sweet,
Again to feel life's pulses beat ;
Again life's kindly warmth to prove ;
To drink anew of pleasure's spring ;
Again our matin song to sing
To the great Cause of light and love.

* To Him, whom comet, planet, star,
Sun, moon, in their sweet courses far,
Praise in eternal homage meet ;
While thousand choirs of seraphs bring
Their sounding harps of gold—and fling
Their crowns of glory at his feet.

* Thou ! who didst wake me first from nought,
And lead my heaven-aspiring thought
To some faint, feeble glimpse of Thee :
Thou ! who didst touch my slumbering heart
With Thy own hand—and didst impart
A portion of Thy deity :

* O teach me, Father ! while I feel
The impress of Thy glorious seal—
And whence I came—and whither tend :
Teach me to live—to act—to be
Worthy my origin, and Thee,
And worthy my immortal end.

* O not in vain to me be given
The joys of earth—the hopes of heaven !
O not in vain may I receive
My master's talents—but, subdued
And tutored by the soul of good,
To God—to bliss—to virtue live !

* Heaven's right-lined path may I discern,
Nor, led by pride or folly, turn
A handbreadth from the onward road ;
Fight the good fight—the foe subdue,
And wear the heavenly garland too—
A garland from the hand of God !

pp. 16—18.

* Wednesday Evening' of the same week, has assigned to it the following lines.

* Almighty Being ! wise and holy,
Who hast to each his portion given ;
To the poor worm his station lowly,
And to the choirs of angels—heaven ;

My fate is in Thy righteous keeping,
 Ruler of worlds! unbounded One!
 While to weak man, in error sleeping,
 Thy awful course is all unknown:
 Far from Thy light immortal streaming,
 From heaven,—resplendently afar,
 Man's ray is but the feeble gleaming
 Of evening's palest, farthest star.
 With hope upon his path descending,
 Life's darkness soon gives way to light;
 Some holy sunbeams hither tending,
 Chase the dark clouds of doubt, of night.
 O, had our journey, wasting, weary,
 No ray like these to gild the gloom,
 Life were a desert dark and dreary,
 A midnight prison-house—a tomb!
 Merciful Being! friend and father,
 To Thee I look, to Thee I call;
 On Thee I rest my spirit, rather
 Than on this transient world, or all
 The world's foundations. Thou, who kindly
 Smil'st on my path, conduct me still;
 Conduct me, while fatigued and blindly
 I climb up life's deceitful hill;
 Wave Thy pure wand of mercy o'er me;
 And form me to Thy holy will:
 Thy hope shall sweetly play before me,
 Thy light my little lamp shall fill.
 Could I control my future being,
 No thought of pride should e'er rebel;
 Thou, all-designing—guiding—seeing,
 Wilt direct all things wisely, well.
 Disturb not, dreams of care! to-morrow:
 Enough the evil of to-day:
 My destined sum of joy and sorrow
 The scales of perfect wisdom weigh.
 He, for ten thousand worlds providing,
 Yet condescends to think of me!
 My little skiff securely guiding
 O'er Time's now still, now troubled sea;
 Calm as the night, and soft and vernal
 As the spring's breath, my bark shall move,
 Till, launched into the gulf eternal,
 It anchors in a port above.

pp. 26—8.

We select from the third week, the hymn for Friday Morning, on account of its being one of the very few that contain any reference to the Saviour.

' This is the day, when prejudice and guilt
 The blood of innocence and virtue spilt !

'Twas in those orient Syrian lands afar,
O'er whose high mountains towers the morning star :
Lands now to tyranny and treachery given,
But then the special care and charge of heaven :
Lands, now by ignorance and darkness trod,
Then shining brightest in the light of God !

' Holiest and best of men ! 'twas there thou walkedst,
There with thy faithful, privileged followers talkedst,
Privileged indeed, listening to truth divine,
Breath'd from a heart, and taught by lips, like thine !

' He that from all life's strange vicissitude
Drew forth the living hidden soul of good ;
And in the strength of wisdom, and the might
Of peaceful virtue fought, and won the fight :
His armour righteousness—his conquering sword
A spiritual weapon—his prophetic word,
The arms of truth,—his banners from above—
His conquests meekness, and his warfare love.
He stands a pillar 'midst his children ; grace
And majesty and truth illumine his face ;
He bows his head, and dies ! the very rock
Is rent, and Zion trembles at the shock !
But, tho' he dies, he triumphs—and in vain
Would unbelief oppose his conquering reign ;
A reign o'erspreading nature—gathering in
Kindreds and nations from the tents of sin
To virtue's temple. O how calm, how great,
A death like this !—come, then, and venerate
Your Saviour and your King. All hail ! All hail !
The songs of gratitude shall fill the vale,
And echo from the mountains, and shall rise
In one consenting tribute to the skies.

' Sow then thy seed—that seed will spring, and give
Rich fruits and fairest flowers, that will survive
All chance, all change : and though the night may come,
And though the deeper darkness of the tomb,
A sun more bright than ours shall bid them grow,
And on the very grave hope's buds will blow,
And blow like those sweet flowers that, pluck'd, ne'er lose
Their freshness, or their fragrance, or their hues.
Now the day calls us with its eloquent ray ;
O let us toil unwearied while 'tis day,
For the night cometh, all enveloping—
But virtue, that on spiritual soaring wing
Flies to its rest ! 'tis but a pilgrim here,
Shaping its course towards a better sphere,
Where its own mansion is ; yet, in its flight,
Dropping from its pinions healing and delight ;

And from the darkest shades, like some fair star
Of midnight, scattering beams of light afar.' pp. 137—9.

We take one more specimen from the fourth week: it is
Tuesday Morning.

' Almighty One! I bend in dust before Thee:

Even so veil'd cherubs bend;—

In calm and still devotion I adore Thee,

All-wise, all-present friend!

Thou to the earth its emerald robes hast given,

Or curtained it in snow;

And the bright sun, and the soft moon in heaven

Before thy presence bow.

' Thou in Thy wisdom spread'st the map of nature,

That map so fair and bright;

Reared'st the arch of heaven—on every creature

Pouring its streams of light.

Thou feed'st with dew the early spring-rose glowing,

Quickenest the teeming sea:

Thine is the storm through the dark forest blowing,

Thine, heaven's soft harmony.

' Thine is the beam on ocean's bosom glancing,

Thine is the thunder-cloud,

Thine are the lamps that light our steps, advancing

To the tomb's solitude.

Thou speakest—and all nature's pregnant bosom

Heaves with Thy mighty breath;

Thou frownest—man, even like a frost-nipp'd blossom,

Drops in the lap of death.

' A thousand worlds which roll around us brightly,

Thee in their orbits bless;

Ten thousand suns which shine above us nightly,

Proclaim Thy righteousness.

Thou didst create the world—'twas Thy proud mandate,

That woke it into day;

And the same power that measur'd, weigh'd, and spann'd it,

Shall bid that world decay.

' Thou Power sublime! whose throne is firmly seated

On stars and glowing suns;

O could I praise Thee—could my soul elated

Waft Thee seraphic tones,

Had I the lyres of angels—could I bring Thee

An offering worthy Thee,

In what bright notes of glory would I sing Thee

Blest notes of ecstasy!

' Here is my song, a voice of mortal weakness

Just breathing from my breast;

A mingled song, of worthlessness and meekness,
 And feeble hope at best.
 In heaven that voice, up to Thy throne ascending,
 Should speak as angels speak,
 And joy and confidence and glory blending,
 Thy seat of light should seek.
 ' Eternity ! Eternity !—how solemn,
 How terrible the sound !
 Here, leaning on thy promises—a column
 Of strength—may I be found !
 O let my heart be ever Thine, while beating,
 As when 't will cease to beat ;
 Be Thou my portion—till that awful meeting,
 When I my God shall greet.' pp. 164—6.

Considered as poetry, there is much that is pleasing, and melodious, and occasionally striking in these matins and vespers ; although they are not free from marks of carelessness and false taste, and the rhymes are sometimes inadmissibly defective and quite below the dignity of serious poetry. But, as the Author has reminded us in his Preface, that ' the substance ' of piety is of higher interest than any of its decorations, we waive all further criticism on the composition, and ask, the Bible being the rule and arbiter, *Is this ' piety ?'* Had we been told that these hymns were free translations of some Greek or Latin odes to the Father of gods and men, which modern researches had brought to light from among the unrolled treasures of Herculaneum,—we should have been led to believe that, like the hymn of Cleanthes, they were probably imitations, rather than relics, of the poetry of the ancients ; but, were it not for a few exceptions, there would have been nothing to forbid the idea, that they might possibly be the production of some later Platonist or Eclectic philosopher, whose mind had admitted a still further portion of the borrowed light of Christianity, than shines in the pages of Plotinus, or occasionally lights up the eloquence of Tully. An enlightened Deist of any school, whether Western or Eastern, might certainly have been the author of almost any and every matin and vesper in the present collection. And had they been the production of some Persian Soofi or some old classical theist, we should have been ready to say, This man wanted but the knowledge of the Bible, to be a Christian.

We could not have desired a better illustration, though it is a melancholy one, of the remarks we offered on true and spurious devotion, in treating of love to God*, than is supplied

* Eclectic Review, Feb. 1823. pp. 103—5.

by these poems. We had not then read them—we believe they were not published—or it might have been supposed, that we had some allusion to the Author when we remarked, that men will admit nothing more readily than the doctrine of the general benevolence of God; will descant, with a refined and delusive sentimental pleasure, on the power, and wisdom, and beneficence of the Creator; while yet, the God of the Bible is so far from being recognised by them, that the most illustrious manifestation which he has made of his character in the redemption and reconciliation of the world to himself through a Mediator, is viewed with indifference or distaste. These poetical ‘contemplations’ on the Deity, what are they, but the philosophic musings of a speculative mind, which has embraced its own deified ideal as the object of a sentimental worship, in lieu of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ?

The feature which will probably first strike most of our readers, is the irreverent and repulsive familiarity with which the Divine Being is addressed in some of the passages above cited. Mr. Bowring seems to wish to make it appear, that he does not feel to stand in need of a Mediator in drawing near to the Divine Majesty; that he has no occasion for the doctrine, to enable him to come ‘boldly’ to the throne of grace, for it is not mercy he comes to supplicate. He calls the Supreme Being his ‘all-wise, all-present friend,’ with an assurance which savours of any thing rather than “reverence and godly fear;” and speaks, with an awful misappropriation of language, of *greeting* God at the day of judgement. Surely, his song breathes the reverse of ‘meekness:’ it is the haughty spirit of a guilty worm paying compliments to its offended Maker. The volume is full of expressions partaking of this unhallowed familiarity. Who would imagine that it is the Creator of all things, whom he thus addresses?

‘Wave thy pure wand of mercy o’er me’—

‘Thy hope shall sweetly play before me.’

—a style of invocation only adapted, one would have thought, to some allegorical personage, some guardian spirit of the fancy. But the volume contains things much worse than this—phrases in which irreverence touches on blasphemy. Our readers will have noticed the expression, ‘proud mandate.’ This is either nonsense, or it is worse. But what will they think of the following lines, which we feel that we ought almost to apologize for transcribing into our pages?

‘Thy name, Thy glories, they rehearse,
Proud Spirit of the universe!

Sense of all sense and soul of soul,
 Nought is too vast for Thy control.
 Beneath Thy all-directing nod,
 Both worlds and worms are equal, God.'

Wretched, wretched is the delusion of the man who mistakes this, the very rant of pantheism, for piety or worship.

Such is Unitarian piety!—we entreat our readers to mark it well—a piety that knows of no repentance towards God, no faith in the Mediator; a piety without humility, without contrition, without love. For love to God is not the true character of our Author's panegyrics on the Creator. There is no recognition of the revealed character of God, no gratitude expressed for his manifestation of Himself in his holy word, no corresponding sense of the Divine attributes. If the Poet were met with the exhortation, "Be ye reconciled to God," he would doubtless answer, that he had never offended him, that he stood in no need of the great means of reconciliation. Now men may call this state of mind love to God, but the Scriptures term it "*enmity*."

The want of reverence betrayed in the Author's expressions, is the more remarkable, because it has been a frequent charge against orthodox hymn writers, that they have fallen into this impropriety; and we are far from thinking that the charge has been wholly without foundation. There are passages in the hymns of Watts and Wesley, which we consider as very reprehensible in this point of view. Our readers will have in recollection one line in particular, which is chargeable with this improper familiarity.

' Dear God! the treasures of thy love!'

But, in that instance, as in most others, the scope and tenor of the hymn, if they do not redeem the expression from impropriety, prevent it from being misunderstood as proceeding from any want of devout reverence. But, in Mr. Bowring's poetry, the name of the Divine Being is invoked with more than equal familiarity, but without any epithet of affection, and in connexion with no redeeming sentiments; with the familiarity, not of humble affection, but of a presumption that makes one shudder.

It is quite unnecessary to remark on the almost total avoidance of the dialect of Scripture, which distinguishes these hymns. There is a version of the 104th psalm among the matins, and, among the other pieces, a versification of Psalm xc., Habakkuk, chap. iii. and the 13th chapter of 1 Corinthians. But these comprise nearly all our Author's obligations

to the Bible, while his general cast of expression is at the furthest remove from the language of the inspired writers. It could not be otherwise: no one could have composed these poems, who believed that all Scripture was given by inspiration of God.

Pure devotion can have but one source. It may be aped with more or less success by the poet or the philosopher; and as the *to* of the heathen philosopher was the object of a certain intellectual worship, so now, the Divine Being may be made the theme of complimentary addresses and sentimental melodies, and such poems may be chanted, with a delusive emotion of pleasure, in the chapel or in the drawing room. Mr. Bowring's matins and vespers, though of a different character, may very naturally rank in the polite world, with the Hebrew Melodies of Lord Byron, and the sicklier strains of Anacreon Moore. But give us, we say, Sternhold and Hopkins, or the Scotch Psalms, rather than such melodramatic devotion as this. Christian worship disclaims alike the offering and the priest. The character of a psalmist is a sacred character; and his lyre, more especially, to 'fix his fame,'

' must be the poet's heart.'

We regret that Mr. Bowring has attempted this style of poetry. We presume not to call in question his right to hold the sentiments he has adopted, and to give them expression as he may please; nor do we doubt his sincerity or the honesty of his purpose. But we regret that he should have deceived himself by imagining, that he could either do his Maker service, or himself honour, or his fellow creatures good, by such effusions as these. We regret the moral delusion under which he labours, and the misapplication of his talents, occasioned by a blighting, heart-withering creed. If his volume answers any useful purpose, it will be by illustrating the indissoluble connexion between the faith of Christ and the love and worship of the Father. When Socinianism can bring forth devotion, then may men gather grapes from thorns and figs from thistles. But how then should the declaration of our Lord hold good, that "He that honoureth not the Son, honoureth not the Father who hath sent him?"

Art. VI. *A Present for the Convalescent* : or for those to whom it is hoped, some recent Affliction has been attended with a Divine Blessing : and for new Converts to Religion in general. By the Rev. John Fry, B. A. Rector of Desford, Author of "The Sick Man's Friend," &c. &c. 12mo. pp. xii. 254. Price 4s. London. 1823.

AN EXTRACT from the Introduction to this little work, will best explain its design, and indicate the truly Christian spirit which pervades it.

• The favourable reception of a small work of the Author, entitled *The Sick Man's Friend*, has led to the following publication. Its aim is, to follow up the advice that has been given on the sick-bed, when returning health appears likely to restore the patient to the world and its temptations; and thus, in hope of the Divine blessing, to throw another handful of seed into the soil that has, perhaps, in some measure been softened and loosened in affliction, before it shall again resume its wonted hardness, or stiffen under the incumbent harvest.

• The friends of religion, whose warning and consoling voices are heard at the bed of sickness, are often compelled to witness the dispersion of their fairest prospects of good, at the period of returning health, or when the spirits that had been depressed, are raised again to their former elevation. Alas!

How soon

Doth height recal high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore ! Ease doth recant
Vows made in pain as violent and void.

Indeed, I can appeal to the best practised in the works of charity, whether, notwithstanding all their acquired knowledge and experience, they are not sometimes much surprised at the results of a recovery from a sick-bed. The penitence seemed so true and earnest, the welcome given to the tidings of a Redeemer's mercies seemed so hearty, so much was said, so much was promised, so much seemed to be felt, that charity retained no doubt; and, had the expected death ensued, would triumphantly have inscribed the memory of the deceased as a monument of converting grace. But your sick man recovered, and all his religion was gone ! He awoke as from a pious dream, and returning to the realities of life, was the same wicked and careless man as ever. Your heart mourns at this : you feel disappointed. Perhaps a temptation is at hand, that you should relax in your labours of love, since means so well adapted, so well-timed, so morally powerful on every feeling of the human breast, are all as nothing before the returning tide of human corruption.

• But recal these thoughts. Your "labour of love" was the same. "It is well that it was in thine heart" to carry the balm of salvation to that bed of sickness. "Thy work shall have its reward." And the case, however extraordinary and discouraging, will some way or

other redound to the glory of God, and to the illustration, perhaps, still of his manifold grace ; " be not then weary in well doing." "

To assist the pious and friendly visiter in this charitable work, these addresses have been drawn up. They are fourteen in number. The first, founded on John v. 14, is particularly apposite and striking. The next three are on John viii. 31, 2 ; Matt. viii. 18 ; and 1 Pet. ii. 2. These are followed by seven addresses on " the first principles of the doctrine of Christ," and the danger of apostacy, founded on Heb. vi. 1—6. The subjects of the last three are taken from 2 Cor. vii. 1 ; Tit. ii. 14. and Eph. vi. 10. The topics are extremely well chosen, and the style is simple, practical, and affectionate.

In noticing a work of this kind, we purposely waive minute criticism. We regret, however, that our Author has deemed it expedient to touch (at p. 112.) on the Church of England doctrine of baptism. The tenor of his general remarks on that subject is excellent, but he has hazarded a few disputable positions, which we could wish omitted in a work adapted for general circulation. Our objection applies, however, to only a few sentences. Mr. Fry takes the words—" the doctrine " of baptisms and of laying on of hands," as intending the doctrine of regeneration and of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. In support of this opinion, he may cite highly respectable authorities. But we incline to believe with Calvin, that the words are to be read as in a parenthesis: " not laying again " the foundation of repentance from dead works and faith towards God, *which* is the doctrine of baptisms," &c. that is, the initial doctrines of Christianity, those into which the catechumens are instructed. This appears to us by far the more natural construction, and it gives a better sense.

Mr. Fry has judiciously appended to each address a short prayer. The volume has our cordial recommendation : it cannot fail to be useful. The first address, if printed separately, would form an excellent tract for more enlarged circulation.

Art. VII. *Memoirs of a Captivity among the Indians of North America, from Childhood to the Age of Nineteen : with Anecdotes descriptive of their Manners and Customs. To which is added, some Account of the Soil, Climate, and vegetable Productions of the Territory westward of the Mississippi.* By John D. Hunter. 8vo. pp. x. 448. Price 12s. London. 1823.

THIS very entertaining narrative will not fail to strengthen the growing interest which, we are happy to find, is awakened on behalf of the North American Indians. The inter-

nal marks of authenticity are so strong, that we entertain no suspicion whatever of its substantial genuineness and accuracy. At the same time, it would have been more satisfactory to be informed, by what means the work fell into the hands of the publishers. If, as we suspect, it be a reprint of an American edition, we know of no purpose that can be answered by the suppression of the fact. The Preface, which is without date or address, states, that a Mr. Edward Clark, a friend of the Author's, has had the revisal and arrangement of the manuscript. Mr. Edward Clark may be very well known at New York; but we in London, should have liked to learn something about him also: his endorsement of the Manuscript would have been worth something, could he have referred us for his character, to any good house in town. As it is, we must receive the story on the faith of the Narrator, and Messrs. Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

The individual whose Indian *nomme de guerre* has supplied him with so familiar and British a surname, in addition to his baptismal appellative, and whom we are now to call Mr. John Hunter,—was captured, in his infancy, together with another white boy and a little girl, by a party of Kickapoo Indians, who attacked the residence of his parents, which was doubtless some remote settlement. His very early age at the time, precludes his having any recollection of the circumstances attending his capture, of the situation of the settlement, or of the name and person of his parents, who, in all probability, were massacred. Of his infant fellow prisoners, the girl was afterwards despatched, and the boy was attached to another party. Hunter was adopted into the family of one of the principal warriors, in whose squaw he found a kind and affectionate foster-mother. While, however, he was still very young, the party of Kickapoos among whom he had become naturalized, in the course of their migrations, fell in with a hostile party of wandering Pawnees, who massacred and scalped nearly all their warriors, and made prisoners of the remainder. With them he had remained only a few months, when they were, in their turn, attacked and vanquished by the Kansas, or Konzas, on whose hunting-grounds they had trespassed; and Hunter was again fortunate in being transferred to the family of one of the chiefs. While among this more civilized tribe, he was accustomed, in company with the Indian boys, 'to listen with indescribable satisfaction, to the sage counsels, inspiring narratives, and traditionary tales of Tshut-che-nau.' (Defender of the People.)

'This venerable worn-out warrior would often admonish us for our

faults, and exhort us never to tell a lie. "Never steal, except it be from an enemy, whom it is just we should injure in every possible way. When you become men, be brave and cunning in war, and defend your hunting-grounds against all encroachments. Never suffer your squaws or little ones to want. Protect the squaws and strangers from insult. On no account betray your friend. Resent insults; revenge yourselves on your enemies. Drink not the poisonous strong-water of the white people: it is sent by the Bad Spirit to destroy the Indians. Fear not death: none but cowards fear to die. Obey and venerate the old people, particularly your parents. Fear and propitiate the Bad Spirit, that he may do you no harm. Love and adore the Good Spirit, who made us all, who supplies our hunting-grounds, and keeps us alive."

'Now, looking around on his auditors with an indescribable expression of feeling in his countenance, and pointing to the green fields of corn, and to the stores collected from the hunting-grounds, he would continue: "For the peaceful enjoyment of all these, you are indebted to myself and to my brave warriors. But now they are all gone, and I only remain. Like a decayed prairie tree, I stand alone: the companions of my youth, the partakers of my sports, my toils, and my dangers, recline their heads on the bosom of our Mother. My sun is fast descending behind the western hills, and I feel that it will soon be night with me."

'Finally, his heart overflowing with gratitude, with uplifted hands, and eyes directed heavenwards, he would close the interesting scene, by thanking the Great and Good Spirit, for having been so long spared as an example to point out to the young men the true path to glory and fame. I loved this old man; the Indians all loved him; and we always listened to his wise counsels with the greatest satisfaction and delight. I am convinced that much of this venerable chief's character would have adorned the proudest age of civilized life. Surely, it was a bright example, in the western wilds, of uneducated virtue and practical piety.' pp. 21, 2.

Hunter was yet a boy when he first experienced the most poignant grief, which, however, he bore in silence as became an Indian, on account of the death of his Kansas foster-mother, who was accidentally drowned. The manner in which he adverts to this circumstance, does great credit to his feelings.

'I cannot,' he says, 'even at this late day, reflect on her maternal conduct to me, from the time I was taken prisoner by the Kansas, to her death, without the association of feelings to which, in other respects, I am a stranger. She was indeed a mother to me; and I feel my bosom dilate with gratitude at the recollection of her goodness and care of me during this helpless period of my life. This, to those who have been bred in refinement and ease, under the fond and watchful guardianship of parents, may appear gross and incongruous. If, however, the imagination be allowed scope, and a lad ten or twelve years of age, without kindred or name, or any knowledge by which he could arrive

at an acquaintance with any of the circumstances connected with his being, be supposed in the central wilds of North America, nearly a thousand miles from any white settlement, a prisoner or sojourner among a people on whom he had not the slightest claim, and with whose language, habits, and character, he was wholly unacquainted, but who nevertheless treated him kindly; it will appear not only natural, but rational, that he should return such kindness with gratitude and affection. Such nearly (qu. really?) was my situation, and such, in fact, were my feelings at that time. And however my circumstances have since changed, or however they may change in the future, I have no hope of seeing happier days than I experienced at this early period of my life, while sojourning with the Kansas nation, on the Kansas river, some hundred miles above its confluence with the Missouri.' pp. 26, 7.

In the following spring, he was taken for the first time on a hunting expedition. The party ascended the Platte river several hundred miles, to the mouth of the Dripping Rock, near which there is stated to be a very remarkable cavern, formerly used as a cemetery by a tribe of different customs from any of the Indians who now traverse the district, as the latter bury their dead in an altogether different manner. This geological phenomenon is always visited with great reverence and dread; and our Author describes himself as retreating from it, half inclined to believe the tradition which represents it as the aperture through which the first Indian ascended from the bowels of the earth. Soon afterwards, the whole party were reduced to the necessity of surrendering themselves to the protection of a tribe of Osages, between whose nation and the Kansas a war had broken out since they left their village. They were received in the most generous and friendly manner; and before he had been long with them, the young White was received into the family of a distinguished Osage warrior, at the instance of his wife, who had recently lost a son in battle. This good woman used every method to engage his affection and esteem.

'She used,' he says, 'to weep over me, tell me how good her son had been, how much she loved him, and how much she mourned his loss. "You must be good," she would say, "and you shall be my son, and I will be your mother." The daughter in many respects imitated the mother; and the greatest care was taken to supply my wants with the choicest things they had in their power to bestow. They made and ornamented mockasins and leggings for me, and furnished me with a beaver cap and buffalo robe; habiliments not usually worn by the Indian boys.....I sincerely loved and respected them, as much, it appears to me, as if they had really been allied to me by the strongest ties of consanguinity.' pp. 35, 6.

He was not, he thinks, more than fifteen, when his skilful use of the rifle in the chase, obtained for him the name of *the Hunter*. His Indian sister would sometimes, when they were by themselves, make particular inquiries concerning his people, which of course he was unable to satisfy; but they led to a train of new reflections in his mind. On coming in contact with the Traders, he attracted their particular notice; and endeavours were made to induce him to visit the white people. But, after some consideration, the prejudices which the Indians had instilled into his youthful mind against the Whites, prevailed over the intense curiosity excited by the representations of the Traders. During a visit to a village of the Grand Osages, he saw, among other whites, a clergyman, who preached several times to the Indians, through an interpreter. The Indians treated him with great respect, and listened to his discourses with profound attention; 'but could not,' adds our Author, 'as I heard them observe, comprehend the doctrines which he wished to inculcate.' The politeness and deference of an Indian auditory, he thinks, have sometimes been mistaken by the missionaries, for conviction. In the following autumn, Hunter was engaged in a skirmish with a party of wandering Pawnees, and took a scalp; his 'first and last essay of the kind.' Some time after, he made one of a party of thirty-seven hunters, who started on an exploring and hunting expedition up the Arkansas. The account of this adventurous excursion, is one of the most interesting portions of the narrative. They ascended the Platte river nearly to its source among the Rocky Mountains; and their curiosity being stimulated by the account given of the great hills of the West, by an old Indian whom they met with, they resolved on crossing the mountain barrier. They were viewed at first with great suspicion and distrust by the tribes they encountered; but, as soon as the motives of their excursion were ascertained, and the remoteness of their hunting-grounds, they were as uniformly received with kindness and hospitality. With some of them, the party were able to 'hold talks.' Although their respective languages were found very dissimilar from the Kansas and Osage dialects, a few words were, in two or three instances, found to be precisely the same, and others had some similarity. With some of the tribes who resided high up the river, or among the mountains, they were obliged to communicate wholly by signs. These are described as generally well-made, robust, and peaceably disposed, not very cleanly or well provided, and apparently the remnants of once powerful nations. The complexion of our hero drew upon him the particular attention of the squaws. The Indians beyond the last range of

mountains were found exceedingly filthy and poor, subsisting chiefly on fish, roots, and berries, the soil being extremely sterile: they have a few horses and many dogs, holding the latter in much the higher estimation, and speak a singular, and, to the exploring party, wholly unintelligible dialect. Game was found every where scarce, fish being the chief dependence of the natives. The tribes were all at peace with each other, and seemed not to possess the warlike character of the Missouri and Mississippi Indians; a circumstance partly accounted for by their different mode of life and means of subsistence. Escorted from tribe to tribe by some or other of these friendly natives, and occasionally assisted with the use of their canoes or rafts, the party continued their route, sometimes over barren prairies or hills, sometimes through woods, till they arrived at the Pacific Ocean. 'Here,' says Hunter, 'the surprise and astonishment of our whole party was indescribably great.'

'The unbounded view of waters, the incessant and tremendous dashing of the waves along the shore, accompanied with a noise resembling the roar of loud and distant thunder, filled our minds with the most sublime and awful sensations, and fixed on them as immutable truths the tradition we had received from our old men, that the great waters divide the residence of the Great Spirit from the temporary abodes of his red children. We here contemplated in silent dread, the immense difficulties over which we should be obliged to triumph after death, before we could arrive at those delightful hunting-grounds, which are unalterably destined for such only as do good, and love the Great Spirit. We looked in vain for the stranded and shattered canoes of those who had done wickedly. We could see none, and we were led to hope that they were few in number. We offered up our devotions, or I might rather say, our minds were serious, and our devotions continued, all the time we were in this country; for we had ever been taught to believe, that the Great Spirit resided on the western side of the Rocky Mountains, and this idea continued throughout the journey, notwithstanding the more specific water boundary assigned to him by our traditionary dogmas.' p. 69.

They arrived at the ocean to the South of Columbia river, and coasted further southwardly to a small inlet, around which were found the scattered huts of another tribe of ichthyophagite Indians, small in stature, filthy in their habits, and differing from the Missouri Indians in being wholly regardless of the incontinence of their squaws. Wisely determining not to risk the passage of the Rocky Mountains in the winter, our adventurers encamped at their base, near a spring of temperature sufficiently high to have cooked food, where they amused and supported themselves during the hard weather, by means of their rifles and their bows. The game consisted of elk, black-tailed deer, a species of mountain goat, wild turkies, and pheas-

sants, so that they were in general well supplied, and passed a merry Christmas; only they had occasional visits from somewhat unwelcome intruders, consisting of the white and brown bears, panthers, and wolves, who, attracted by the scent of their kitchen and larder, prowled round their camp. At the breaking up of the winter, all the party visited the spring from which they had procured their supplies of water; and, according to the constant practice of the Osages, Kansas, and other western tribes, on striking their encampments, offered up their orisons to the Great Spirit for having preserved them in health and safety, and supplied their wants. They suffered much from the intense cold in re-crossing the mountains; but, after surmounting a variety of difficulties and perils, they at length found their way home, where the Osages, who had looked upon them as lost, greeted them with tumultuous joy, as if they had returned from victory.

Our Author had peremptorily rejected several overtures made to him by the white traders, to accompany them back to their settlements, when the incident occurred, which induced him violently to snap asunder for ever the ties which had hitherto attached him to his Indian connexions. He had joined a hunting party in an excursion up the Brushy Fork, which falls into the Arkansas, and six of the party had visited the main encampment of a Colonel Watkins, where they were unfortunately permitted to barter their peltries for too much whiskey. They returned infuriated with the liquor, having, on their way back, plundered and massacred a French trader; and distributing the poisonous spirit among the rest of the hunters, they soon wrought them up to the same pitch of frantic and blood-thirsty excitement as themselves. It was determined to spoil and exterminate the whole of Watkins's party. Hunter alone, retaining the possession of his reason, felt the most acute regret and horror at these proceedings; but his life depended on his dissimulating his sentiments. From the first proposal of the plan, he never hesitated as to the course which it became him to pursue. At his own solicitation, he was entrusted with the post of sentinel; and when the Indians had retired to rest under the stupefying influence of the whiskey, he silently removed all the flints from the guns, emptied the primings, and taking his rifle and other equipments, mounted the best horse that had been stolen on the preceding day, made his escape, and gave the alarm to Watkins and his party, whose lives he thus undoubtedly saved. To return to the Osages, was now impossible; yet, nothing could induce him to remain with the white party. Having received some valuable presents from Col. Watkins, he set forth alone in a northward direction

towards White River. He 'passed several moons,' as a solitary rover, but eventually joined a party of white hunters; and by degrees, and through a concurrence of circumstances, he was at length reconciled to the idea of remaining among the Whites. He acquired a rudimental knowledge of the English language in a respectable school at Cape Girardeau, and subsequently prosecuted his studies, during the intervals between the trading seasons, so as to make the whole period of his education amount to about two years and a half.

'For some time after I entered school,' he tells us, 'I experienced great difficulty in learning the pronunciation and meaning of words; this, however, being once partially surmounted, my progress was easy, till I could read, so as to understand all the common school books that were placed in my hands. During the recess of my school employments, I seldom went any where without a book. I had access to some respectable libraries, and became literally infatuated with reading. My judgement was so much confused by the multiplicity of new ideas that crowded upon my undisciplined mind, that I hardly knew how to discriminate between truth and fable. This difficulty, however, wore off with the novelty, and I gradually recovered, with the explanatory assistance of my associates, the proper condition of mind to pursue my studies.' p. 129.

We know not how far the volume is indebted for its literary respectability to the aforementioned Mr. Edward Clark; but it certainly bears the marks of extraordinary proficiency on the part of its Author, who left the Indians only in the spring of 1816, at which time he supposes himself to have been nineteen or twenty years of age. An ardent desire to become acquainted with some one of the learned professions, in concurrence with the advice of a venerable friend, to whom he appears to be indebted for his religious knowledge, induced him to take the step of journeying eastward as far as New York or Philadelphia, with a view to publish the history of his life, and such information as he possessed respecting the Indian nations west of the Mississippi. It was this friend, Mr. Wyatt, who had first explained to him the difference between the natural rights enjoyed by the Indians, and those which are essential to the harmonious preservation of religious society; and it was he, adds Mr. Hunter,

'who first satisfactorily unfolded to my benighted mind, the identity of the Great Spirit with the Creator of all things, and the *Salvator* of the human family. He also taught me rationally to unbend my selfish, evil propensities, and to gird on the armour of self-denial, charity, and truth, and to square my life by them, as acceptable offerings to the Great I AM.'

In the Autumn of 1821, he crossed the Alleghany mountains,

to commence, as it were, a new existence,—‘unknown to a single human being,’ he says, ‘with whom I could claim kindred, except from common origin, and even indebted to circumstances for a name.’ But he speaks with gratitude of the kindness and respectful attention he has every where met with. ‘That I may merit their continuance,’ he says in conclusion, ‘will be the high ambition and constant endeavour of my life.’

The account of the Indian tribes which is appended to the Narrative, occupies the greater part of the volume; but we have no room left to enter upon its contents. The information it comprises, will be found extremely interesting, agreeing generally with the statements of Dr. Edwin James, but, of course, much more copious, minute, and characteristic. Some of the observations demand especially the attention of the American Missionary Societies, who have taken up, with laudable zeal, the cause of this much injured and neglected portion of our race. It is impossible not to take a warm interest in the future fortunes and character of Mr. Hunter; and we trust he may live to pay back, in substantial benefits to the Indian family, the debt of kindness he lies under to the friends and protectors of his childhood, his red brethren, and ours.

Art. VIII. *Fables for the Holy Alliance, Rhymes on the Road, &c. &c.*

By Thomas Brown, the Younger, Secretary of the Poco-curante Society, and Author of the *Fudge Family*, and the *Two-penny Post Bag*. f.cap. 8vo. pp. 198. Price 8s. 6d. London. 1823.

THIS is enough: the ‘Author of the *Fudge Family*, and the *Two-penny Post Bag*,’ says every thing that needs be said about the Book. Our readers will immediately know what to look for in these *Fables and Rhymes*; and we may as well proceed at once to our extracts, which must form, indeed, our apology for noticing a mere jest-book. We did intend to look very grave upon the levity, disloyalty, and other exceptionable features of the present merry and facetious publication. But what tender parent (we do not say schoolmaster) has never had his solemn pre-determination to administer chastisement to his offending subject, set aside by the irresistible archness or drollery of the young culprit? Besides, there are redeeming things in the volume; for instance, *Fable III.*

‘THE TORCH OF LIBERTY.

‘I saw it all in Fancy’s glass—
Herself, the fair, the wild magician,
That bid this splendid day-dream pass,
And nam’d each gliding apparition.

- ' 'Twas like a torch-race—such as they
Of Greece perform'd, in ages gone,
When the fleet youths, in long array,
Pass'd the bright torch triumphant on.
- ' I saw th' expectant nations stand,
To catch the coming flame in turn—
I saw, from ready hand to hand,
The clear, but struggling glory burn.
- ' And, oh, their joy, as it came near,
'Twas, in itself, a joy to see—
While Fancy whisper'd in my ear,
"That torch they pass is Liberty!"
- ' And each, as she receiv'd the flame,
Lighted her altar with its ray,
Then, smiling, to the next who came,
SPEEDED it on its sparkling way.
- ' From ALBION first, whose antient shrine
Was furnish'd with the fire already,
COLUMBIA caught the spark divine,
And lit a flame, like ALBION's, steady.
- ' The splendid gift then GALLIA took,
And, like a wild Bacchante, raising
The brand aloft, its sparkles shook,
As she would set the world a-blazing!
- ' And, when she fir'd her altar, high
It flash'd into the redd'ning air
So fierce, that ALBION, who stood nigh,
Shrunk, almost blinded by the glare!
- ' Next, SPAIN, so new was light to her,
Leap'd at the torch—but, ere the spark
She flung upon her shrine could stir,
'Twas quench'd—and all again was dark.
- ' Yet, no—not quench'd—a treasure, worth
So much to mortals, rarely dies—
Again her living light look'd forth,
And shone, a beacon, in all eyes!
- ' Who next receiv'd the flame? alas,
Unworthy NAPLES—shame of shames,
That ever through such hands should pass
That brightest of all earthly flames!
- ' Scarce had her fingers touch'd the torch,
When, frightened by the sparks it shed,
Nor waiting ev'n to feel the scorch,
She dropp'd it to the earth—and fled.

- ' And fall'n it might have long remain'd,
But GREECE, who saw her moment now,
Caught up the prize, though prostrate, stain'd,
And wav'd it round her beauteous brow.
- ' And Fancy bid me mark where, o'er
Her altar, as its flame ascended,
Fair, laurell'd spirits seem'd to soar,
Who thus in song their voices blended :—
- ' " Shine, shine for ever, glorious Flame,
" Divinest gift of Gods to men !
- ' " From GREECE thy earliest splendour came,
" To GREECE thy ray returns again.
- ' " Take, Freedom, take thy radiant round,
" When dimm'd, revive, when lost, return,
" Till not a shrine through earth be found,
" On which thy glories shall not burn !" ' pp. 17—21.

' The Extinguishers' deserves to be praised as much for the value of the moral, as for its wit. ' The Little Grand Lama,' we would advise all those readers to pass over, who are afraid of laughing at naughty things. The following is not quite unexceptionable, but we will venture it.

- ' When Royalty was young and bold,
Ere, touch'd by Time, he had become—
If 'tis not civil to say *old*—
At least, a *çi-devant jeune homme*,
- ' One evening, on some wild pursuit,
Driving along, he chanc'd to see
Religion, passing by on foot,
And took him in his vis-à-vis.
- ' This said Religion was a Friar,
The humblest and the best of men,
Who ne'er had notion or desire
Of riding in a coach till then.
- ' " I say"—quoth Royalty, who rather
Enjoy'd a masquerading joke—
" I say, suppose, my good old father,
" You lend me, for a while, your cloak."
- ' The friar consented—little knew
What tricks the youth had in his head ;
Besides, was rather tempted too
By a lac'd coat he got in stead.
- ' Away ran Royalty, slap-dash,
Scampering like mad about the town ;
Broke windows—shiver'd lamps to smash,
And knock'd whole scores of watchmen down.

‘ While nought could they, whose heads were broke,
Learn of the “ why” or the “ wherefore,”
Except that ’twas Religion’s cloak
The gentleman who crack’d them, wore.

‘ Meanwhile, the Friar, whose head was turn’d
By the lac’d coat, grew frisky too—
Look’d big—his former habits spurn’d—
And storm’d about as great men do—

‘ Dealt much in pompous oaths and curses—
Said “ —— you” often, or as bad—
Laid claim to other people’s purses—
In short, grew either knave, or mad.

‘ As work like this was unbefitting,
And flesh and blood no longer bore it,
The Court of Common Sense, then sitting,
Summon’d the culprits both before it.

‘ Where, after hours in wrangling spent,
(As Courts must wrangle to decide well)
Religion to St. Luke’s was sent,
And Royalty pack’d off to Bridewell.

With this proviso—should they be
Restor’d, in due time, to their senses,
They both must give security,
In future, against such offences—

‘ Religion ne’er to *lend his cloak*,
Seeing what dreadful work it leads to ;
And Royalty to crack his joke,
But *not* to crack poor people’s heads too.’ pp. 35—38.

There are certainly many things which we could wish out of the volume. But it will have only the life of an ephemeron. The following is a very neatly turned epigram.

‘ A SPECULATION.

‘ Of all speculations the market holds forth,
The best that I know for a lover of pelf,
Is to buy ***** up, at the price he is worth,
And then sell him at that which he sets on himself.’

The volume is exorbitantly dear.

Art. IX. *The Bible Catechism*, arranged in Forty Divisions : all the Answers to the Questions being in the exact Words of Scripture : intended for the Religious Instruction of the Young, both in Families and Schools. By W. F. Lloyd. 24mo. pp. 170. Price 2s. London. 1822.

THE late Rev. Samuel Palmer, of Hackney, drew up, many years ago, a Scripture Catechism on a much smaller scale than this, which deserves to be better known than we apprehend it is. As Mr. Lloyd does not refer to it, we think it very likely that he was not aware of its existence. The idea was excellent ; for if answers are to be put into a child's mouth, to questions which it is probable he cannot fully comprehend, it is most seemly and most advisable in every point of view, that they should be framed in the language of that perfect rule of faith which is of paramount and Divine authority. The habit of appealing to Scripture in support of our religious sentiments, is a most important one to be formed in the youthful mind ; and the committing to memory so large a variety of texts, will in itself be useful.

This very copious collection of Scripture texts must have cost Mr. Lloyd considerable pains. They are arranged under the following chapters.

' Chap. I. The Holy Scriptures. II. The Young—Young or weak Believers—early Piety. III. Of God. IV. Of Jesus Christ. V. Of the Holy Spirit. VI. Of Sin. VII. Of the Pardon of Sin—the Atonement of Christ—Repentance. VIII. Of the Renewal of the Mind—Regeneration. IX. Of Faith. X. Prayer and Praise. XI. The Sabbath and the House of God. XII. Affliction—Persecution. XIII. Temptation. XIV. The Righteous and the Wicked. XV. Wisdom. XVI. The Kingdom of Christ—the Spread of true Religion. XVII. Humility and Pride. XVIII. Meekness—Forgiveness—Patience—Perseverance. XIX. Anger, Strife, Hatred, Malice, Revenge, and Envy. XX. Love—Benevolence—Sympathy—Mercy—Peace. XXI. Love of the World—Covetousness—Content. XXII. Honesty and Dishonesty—Justice and Injustice. XXIII. Diligence and Idleness. XXIV. Slander—Tale-bearing—Filthy Speaking. XXV. Truth and Deceit. XXVI. Cursing and Swearing. XXVII. Concerning the Tongue. XXVIII. Purity. XXIX. Company. XXX. Self-denial. XXXI. Self-examination and Watchfulness. XXXII. Duties of Children. XXXIII. Duties of Brothers, Friends, and Neighbours. XXXIV. Duties to Kings, to Masters, &c. XXXV. Life—Time. XXXVI. Death and the Grave. XXXVII. The Resurrection. XXXVIII. The Day of Judgement. XXXIX. Heaven. XL. Hell.'

Two morning and two evening prayers are added, in the exact words of Scripture.

VOL. XX. N. S.

P

This little work is particularly adapted to attract the attention of Sunday School Teachers. Its price will exclude it from very general introduction in its present form, but an abridgement is advertised, price four-pence. Mr. Lloyd, as the secretary to the Sunday School Union, must have had ample experience as to the capacities of children; but we should imagine that a greater simplicity of language in the questions would have been desirable. The very first question, 'Who inspired the Scriptures?' is not very clear or very happy. The more direct answer, too, would be supplied by the reply to the second question; and the text cited as an answer to the first, would with more propriety apply to the question, What is Inspiration? The sixth question will require to be accompanied with an explanation: perhaps, the Author intended that it should be so introduced by the teacher. But such phrases as the following would, it seems to us, stand not in less need of being translated to Sunday School children in general: 'Are the wisdom and piety of the young *intimately connected with the extension of the cause of Christ?*' 'What is the curse of the carnal, and the blessing of the spiritual?' 'What is said in the Revelations (Revelation) as to Christ's *subduing* his enemies, and his *supreme dignity?*' 'Does the *sympathy* of Christ as our high-priest, *encourage our confidence* in prayer?' 'What vision of the *gospel's extension* did St. John behold?' 'Should a *mature* understanding and a child-like disposition be joined together?' 'Are righteousness and judgement essential to the character of God.' This last, we think a very improper question to be put to a child. There are in all nearly nine hundred questions, many of which we should certainly strike out; and we should recommend, in the next edition, a severe revision of the phraseology, with a view to greater simplicity and correctness. As to the prayers, they prove that Scripture language is *not* the most suitable for the prayers of a child, if his prayer is to be a reasonable service. It is comparatively easy to make a child learn by rote, and go through a mechanical exercise with the utmost precision; but the grand object ought to be, to make them think, to gain access to their moral nature; and with this view, while we quite approve of their being taught a doctrinal catechism, we should rely more on the efficacy of the system which leaves the child to frame his own answer to the question put to him, whenever the subject admits of it. At the same time, the design of the Bible Catechism has our cordial approbation.

Art. X. *A New Self-interpreting Testament*; containing many Thousands of various Readings and parallel Passages, collected from the most approved Translators and Biblical Critics, including all those of the Authorized Version, and set under the Text in Words at length, so that the parallel Passages and various Translations may be seen and read at one View; with introductory Arguments concerning the Origin, Occasion, and Character of each Book; a Reconciliation of seeming Contradictions; and the Meaning and Pronunciation of the Scripture Proper Names. Adapted to the Use of Reflecting Christians of every Denomination. By the Rev. John Platts. Part I. 8vo. Price 4s. 6d. London. 1823.

THIS long title wears too much the appearance of a puff. Very few words were requisite to explain the object of the publication, the utility of which is so obvious, that one is ready to wonder that it was left to the Rev. John Platts, whoever he may be, to undertake the present compilation. There are few persons, we apprehend, who are in the practice of making that use of the marginal references in our common Bibles, which it is desirable that every reader of his Bible should do. Want of leisure will often deter a person from doing this; it is also an interruption by no means favourable to the immediate purpose of reading the Scriptures; add to which, many of the references are of so little value as to produce a feeling of disappointment, upon consulting the passages referred to. A judicious selection of strictly parallel or illustrative passages, given at length, in the form of notes to the text, would, therefore, be of great assistance to private Christians, in the study of the sacred Scriptures. Fox's Testament, which was upon this plan, published in 1722, we have not seen: it has long been out of print and is very rare. The present Compiler has been fortunate enough to obtain a copy, and he acknowledges his obligations to its Author.

What is chiefly required in order to the satisfactory execution of such a work, is a sound discrimination. The materials are all ready to the Editor's hand: he has only to exercise his judgement in the selection. The labours of Thomas Scott and of the Editor of Bagster's Bible, more especially, have accumulated an immense mass of references, more than can possibly be made use of in such a work as the present: to these it would be difficult to add, but they require a great deal of sifting. Mr. Platts does not impress us, in the Preface, with a high idea of his judiciousness. It opens with the following delectable specimen of verbiage.

'The Holy Scriptures are the grand medium of communication

between God and man, heaven and earth. They reveal the Deity to the human intellect in all the treasures of His grace; and exalt the human soul, far beyond the vanities of time and sense, to the glorious riches of eternity. In the Scriptures, the Sovereign of Nature draws aside the impenetrable vail which concealed Him from mortal ken, descends from His inaccessible throne, and converses with His creature man.' &c. &c.

There is more in this style, which had far better been withheld. If it is necessary to write a panegyric on the Bible, it is not every one who is competent to the very delicate task. Mr. Platts is certainly not the person to undertake it.

We cannot say that we are by any means satisfied with the selection of passages. Let us take for instance, the Lord's Prayer, Matt. v. 9—13. The only references given as illustrating the invocation, are Rom. viii. 15. Ps. xi. 4. cxv. 3. Isa. lxvi. 1. The first of these, so far from illustrating the words, is, we imagine, calculated to mislead. It was certainly in no such peculiar sense, that our Lord designed those words to be taken, "Our Father who art in heaven." It was among the Jews, a customary and general form of invocation; and the texts directly bearing on the import of the expression, are Isa. lxiii. 16. lxiv. 8. Mal. ii. 10. John viii. 41. We have no fault to find with the passages arranged under the words, "Hallowed be thy name," except that half of them are irrelevant or unnecessary; e. g. Psal. cxxxix. 20. (Mr. Platts might just as well have cited the third commandment.) Psal. cxlv. 10, 11. Isa. viii. 13. John xii. 28. As notes to "Thy Kingdom come," we have Isa. ii. 2, 3. Matt. xvi. 28. Rev. xi. 15. The application of the first of these references is far from direct. Dan. ii. 44. is much more to the purpose. But the following texts, or at least some of them, would have been given with much more propriety as shewing the true force of the expression. Matt. iii. 2. iv. 17. vi. 33. Luke xvii. 21. John iii. 5. Col. i. 13. Again, as notes to ver. 11. "Give us this day our daily bread," we have Gen. xliii. 25, 31—4; the relevancy of which we confess ourselves unable to perceive; Exod. xvi. 21. Job. xxiii. 12. Prov. xxx. 8. Isa. xxxiii. 16. John vi. 33, 34. 1 Tim. vi. 8.—Psal. xxxvii. 3, 25. Phil. iv. 6. and Heb. xiii. 5. would have been more applicable than some of these. Once more, in illustrating the petition, "Lead us not into temptation," no reference is made to James i. 12. &c. by far the most important passage in such a connexion, nor to 2 Chron. xxxii. 31., and others bearing more indirectly on the subject of the petition. We have taken this passage at random; but it will serve to shew that the task which Mr. Platts has undertaken, is one of considerable delicacy, and that to render the work really serviceable, more diligence and a sounder dis-

cretion are requisite than we regret to say we find exhibited in this specimen. We must also deprecate the introduction of passages from the Apocrypha, as by no means 'adapted to the use of reflecting Christians of every denomination.'

Art. XI. *A Letter to the Rev. H. H. Norris, A.M. Perpetual Curate of Hackney, &c.* Containing Animadversions on his "Respectful Letter to the Earl of Liverpool," on the Subject of the Bible Society. By the Rev. John Paterson, D.D. St. Petersburg. 8vo. pp. 87. London. 1823.

ARCHBISHOP Leighton has furnished Dr. Paterson with a very suitable motto to this annihilating exposure of the wilful and malignant calumnies uttered by the Rev. H. H. Norris, against the Russian Bible Society. 'It is the bent of the basest and most worthless spirits, to be busy in the search and discovery of others' failings, passing by all that is commendable and imitable, as base flies readily sitting on any sore they can find, rather than upon the sound parts.' Dr. Paterson writes with the warmth inspired by irrepressible indignation at the conduct of this most incorrigible of men; but it is a warmth in which every reader must participate. The annals of controversy contain scarcely an instance of so many flagrant violations of candour, truth, and decency, as are here and elsewhere brought home to the Accuser of the Bible Society and his authorities. Our notice of Mr. Scholefield's Reply, supersedes, however, the necessity of again going over the disgusting details. By a singular fatality, Mr. N. blunders in the most simple and immaterial facts, not less than in more important matters. Thus, his circumstantial account of Drs. Henderson and Paterson, is incorrect throughout.

'You are very unfortunate,' says Dr. P., 'in making us emerge from the Carron Iron Works at the call of the Edinburgh Missionary Society,' as we were never within those works in our lives, and in truth scarcely ever saw them; and with the Edinburgh Missionary Society we never had the honour to be connected. I cannot conceive how you came to place the Carron Iron Works on the river Clyde. As you are a man of such profound research, it might afford you some useful employment, to find out, on what river in His Britannic Majesty's dominions the Carron Iron works are really situated. This would enable you to correct the Hackney map, which in this particular, as well as in many others, appears to be very erroneous.'

May all the enemies of the Bible Society be such men as H. H. Norris, and such only! Their number, happily, will then be few.

ART. XII. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

Gentlemen and Publishers who have works in the Press, will oblige the Conductors of the ECLECTIC REVIEW, by sending information (post paid) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works; which they may depend upon being communicated to the public, if consistent with its plan.

Naturalist's Repository, or Monthly Miscellany of Exotic Natural History. An Order in the Council of the Linnæan Society has been lately passed, by which Mr. Donovan will be allowed to enrich his New Monthly Work, the "Naturalist's Repository," with the Icones of those choice and very beautiful species of the Psittacus and Columba Tribe, which are described in the thirteenth volume of the Linnæan Transactions; the greater part of which, if not the whole, are of such rarity, as to be found only in the Museum of the Linnæan Society. It may be further added, that the Entomological Papers, by the Rev. Mr. Kirby, in Linn. Trans. vol. 12, p. 2, will also, by the permission and favour of their author, receive the advantage of some further elucidation of the same nature in this new publication. The Ornithological Memoir on the Birds discovered in the late Northern Expedition, inserted in Linn. Trans. vol. 12; and that in the Narrative of the Expedition published by authority, will likewise engage attention in some future Numbers. The scientific development of the true characters of the ambiguous object which lately attracted much of the public notice under the title of the "Mermaid," is at press, and will appear very shortly. This last mentioned article is expected to prove of more than usual interest, as it will combine among other information some traits of Natural History upon this curious subject, collected by Professor Thunberg, the traveller, and successor of Linnæus to the Chair of Upsal, and by his pupil Dr. Suttner, from the books extant in Japan and China, in the respective languages of those Countries; authorities at this time, it is to be believed, exclusively in the possession of the Proprietors, and which it is presumed may be altogether unknown to any of the European Naturalists.

In the press, Sermons by the late Rev. T. N. Toller, of Kettering, with a memoir of the Author, by the Rev. Robert Hall, of Leicester. 1 vol. 8vo.

In the press, the Bible Teacher's Manual, part 2, containing Exodus. By a Clergyman.

Speedily will be published, Memoirs of Mrs. Eliz. Ann Ulyat, late of Sutton St. Nicholas, Lincolnshire, with extracts from her diary and letters, and a sermon on occasion of her death. By Thomas Rogers. 18mo.

Shortly will be published, Scripture Songs, being chiefly a versification of psalms, and other poems. By J. Cobbin, M. A.

In the press, and nearly ready for publication, in one vol. 8vo. (closely printed in double columns), with a frontispiece, and comprising nearly one thousand articles; the third London edition, greatly enlarged, of a Dictionary of all Religions, and Religious Sects, Antient and Modern; also, of Ecclesiastical History and Theological Controversy. Originally drawn up by Mrs. Hannah Adams, Author of a History of the Jews, &c. and compared with the fourth American edition of her work. Carefully revised and corrected to the present time, by Thomas Williams, Editor of the last edition; with Mr. Fuller's Essay on Truth, a brief Missionary Gazetteer, &c. &c.

In the press, the seventh edition, with considerable additions, of Mr. Fairman's account of the Public Funds. The work has been completely remodelled, and the accounts are corrected and brought down to the present times.

In a few days will be published, The Wandering Hermit. By the Author of the Hermit in London.

In the press, Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV., and of the Regency: extracted from the German correspondence of the Dutchess of Orleans, mother of the Regent.

A translation of *Les Hermites en Prison*, (the last, and perhaps the most interesting of all his essays) of Monsieur Jouy, the French Addison, will be published in the course of a few days. This work was written in the prison of St.

Pelagic, where the author, with his friend Monsieur Jay, was recently confined for a political libel.

Preparing for publication, a second volume of the Village Lecturer: a se-

ries of original discourses, adapted to village congregations and families.

A new edition will shortly appear, of Sir W. Forbes's Life of D. Beattie. 2 vols. 8vo.

ART. XIII. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

BOTANY.

Flora Domestica, or the Portable Flower-Garden; with directions for the treatment of plants in pots, and illustrations from the works of the poets. 8vo. 12s.

FINE ARTS.

Views in Paris, &c. consisting of sixty scenes in that metropolis, and its environs. By Mr. Frederick Nash. 2 vols. royal 4to. 8l. 8s.

A Series of Illustrations of the Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. from original paintings, by R. Smirke, R.A. beautifully engraved by the most eminent artists, to illustrate the foolscap, octavo, and quarto editions. foolscap 12s. 8vo. 18s. Proofs, 4to. 1l. 10s. Proofs on India Paper, imperial 4to. 1l. 18s.

The Italian School of Design, containing 84 plates; being a series of fac-similes of Original Drawings, by the most eminent painters and sculptors of Italy; with biographical notices of the artists, and observations on their works. By W. Young Ottley, Esq. Complete in one volume, super royal folio. 12l. 12s. in colombier folio, 18l. 18s. and proofs, 24 guineas.

GEOGRAPHY.

The Geography and History of America, and the West Indies; exhibiting a correct account of the discovery, settlement, and progress of the various kingdoms, states, and provinces of the western hemisphere, to the year 1822. 8vo. 18s.

The Berwick New and Improved General Gazetteer, or Compendious Geographical Dictionary; brought down to the present time. Accompanied with twenty-six elegant maps, from the latest authorities, in three handsome vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s. or, in 16 parts, 2s. 6d. each.

GEOLOGY.

Geological Evidences of the Deluge. Comprising an account of an Antedilu-

vian Den, discovered in Yorkshire, in 1821, in which were found the remains of the Hyæna, Bear, Tiger, Elephant, Rhinoceros, Hippopotamus, and many other animals, formerly natives of this country; with a comparative description of the caves and fissures containing bones in England and Germany; and a summary view of the evidences of a general inundation, afforded by beds of loam and gravel, containing similar bones; and by the actual state of hills and valleys in all parts of the world. By the Rev. W. Buckland, F.R.S. F.L.S. M.C.S. and Professor of Mineralogy and Geology in the University of Oxford. 27 Engravings. 4to.

HISTORY.

The Campaign of the Left Wing of the Allied Army, in the Western Pyrenees and South of France, in the years 1813-14; under Field Marshal the Marquess of Wellington. With a plan of the Pyrenees and South of France, and 25 plates of mountain and river scenery, &c. Drawn and etched by Captain Batty, of the First, or Grenadier Guards, F.R.S. Member of the Imperial Russian Order of St. Anne. royal 4to. 2l.

Histoire des Français, Tomes, IV. V. et VI. Par J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi. 8vo. 1l. 13s. This second portion of the work comprises the period from the year 987 to 1226, and is denominated by the Author, France Confederated under the Feudal System.

. The first three volumes may still be had, price 1l. 10s.

HORTICULTURE.

Sylva Florifera, the Shrubbery; containing an historical and botanical account of the flowering shrubs and trees, which now ornament the shrubbery, the park, and rural scenes in general; with observations on the formation of ornamental plantations, and picturesque scenery. By Henry Phillips, F.H.S. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s.

MEDICINE.

Medical Jurisprudence, comprehending Medical, Chemical, Anatomical, and Surgical Investigations, applicable to Forensic Practice; for the instruction and guidance of Coroners, Magistrates; Barristers, and Medical Witnesses. With a copious appendix of statutes, cases, and decisions. By John Ayrton Paris, M.D. F.R.S. F.L.S. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, &c. &c. And John S. M. Fonblanque, Esq. Barrister at Law. 3 vols. 8vo. 11. 16s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Footman's Directory, and Butler's Remembrancer; or, the advice of Onesimus to his young friends: comprising hints on the arrangement and performance of their work, with respect both to time and manner; directions for setting out tables and sideboards; the art of waiting at table, and conducting large and small parties; directions respecting the cleaning of plate, glass, furniture, clothes, and all other things which come within the care of a man servant: also, advice respecting behaviour to superiors, trades-people, and fellow-servants. 12mo.

Miscellanica, on various Subjects, in prose and verse. By W. Hett, M.A. 12mo. 6s.

An Epitome of Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, in Question and Answer; for the use of those who intend to enter on the study of Metaphysics. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

Bishop Hall's Sacred Aphorisms, selected and arranged with the texts of scripture to which they refer. By Richard Brudenell Exton, Rector of Athelington, Suffolk. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

The Words of the Lord Jesus; or, the doctrines and duties of the Christian religion, as delivered in the discourses

and conversations of the Son of God, during his personal ministry upon earth; arranged from the records of the Four Evangelists. By John Read, 12mo. 4s.

Devotional Exercises; extracted from Bishop Patrick's Christian Sacrifice; adapted to the present time, and to general use. By Lætitia Matilda Hawkins. 12mo. 3s.

An Inquiry into the Evidence of Christianity; in Question and Answer, 9d.

The State of the Metropolis, or the Importance of a Revival of Religion in London. By the Rev. J. H. Stewart. 6d. or 2s for 11s.

The True Pattern for Christian Teachers. 12mo. 1s. 6d.

Sermons on several Subjects; with notes critical, historical, and explanatory; and an appendix. By the Rev. Charles Swan, late of Catherine Hall, Cambridge. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Nine Sermons, preached on several occasions. By Hugh Wade-Gery, M.A. Rector of Thurning, in the county of Huntingdon. 8vo. 6s.

Sermons, chiefly designed for the Use of Families. By John Fawcett, A.M. Rector of Scaleby, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.

Four Treatises on the following Subjects. 1. Mystery of Redemption. 2. Prayer of Moses. 3. Doctrine and Duty of Self-examination. 4. Faith. By J. A. Haldane. 24mo. 2s.

TRAVELS AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Journal of a Tour in France, in the years 1816 and 1817. By Frances Jane Carey. 8vo. 14s.

Maria; or, a Shandian Journey of a Young Lady through Flanders and France, during the Summer of 1822. By My Uncle Oddy. 12mo. 4s.

A concise Description of the English Lakes, and the Mountains in their vicinity: with remarks on the mineralogy and geology of the district. By Jonathan Otley. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

* * * *Title, Contents, and Index to Vol. XIX. will be delivered with the next Number.*